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MAD

NO. 18 APRIL 2021

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CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS & WRITERS The Usual Gang of Idiots

INSIDE BACK COVER A MAD Fold-In by Johnny Sampson

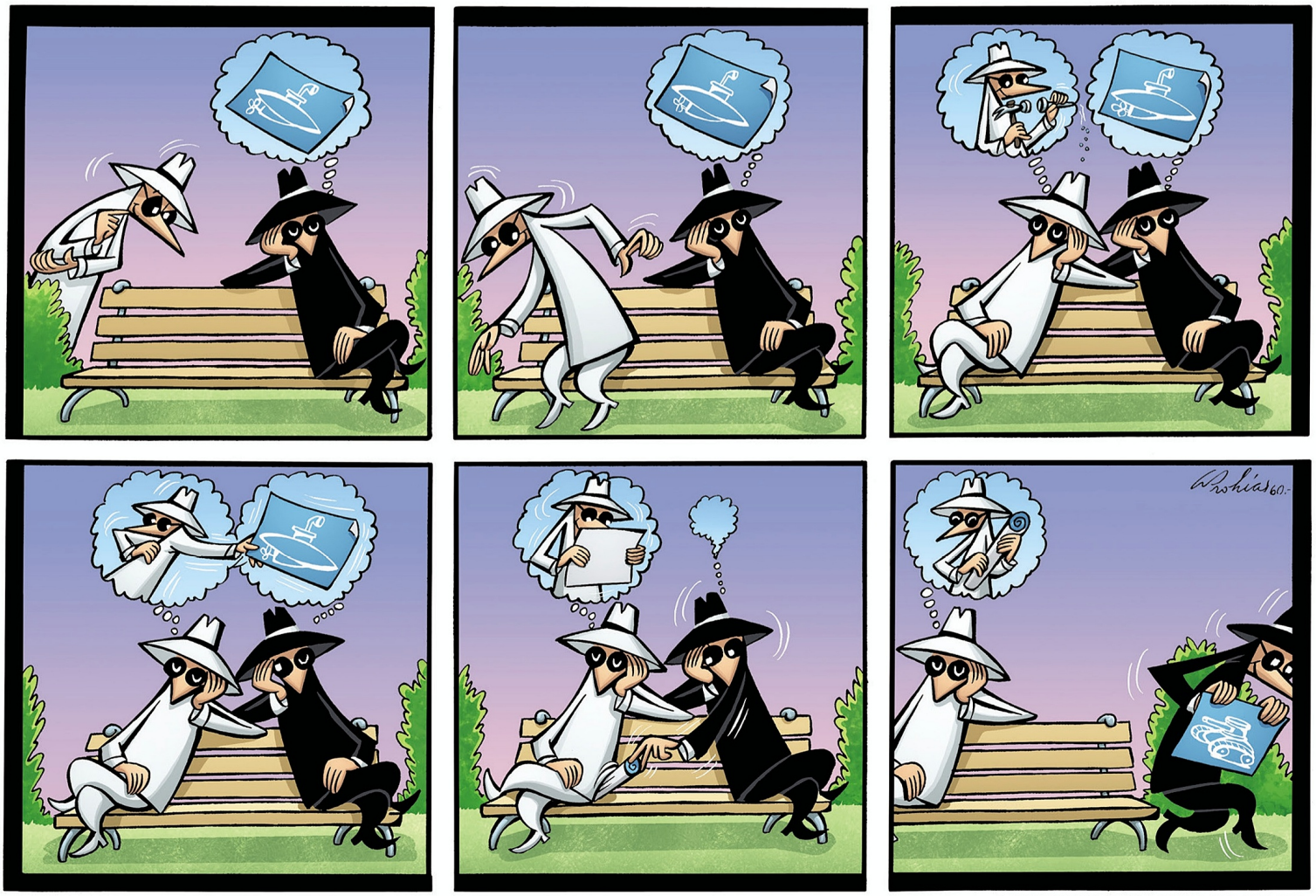
VARIOUS PLACES Drawn Out Dramas by Sergio Aragonés

COVER ARTIST Peter Kuper

The vintage MAD pieces reprinted in this issue were produced in a time that was less mindful and sensitive to matters of race, gender, sexual identity, religion, and food allergies. The text of these articles is presented mostly unaltered (and with crossed fingers) for historical reference.

SPY vs SPY

WRITER & ARTIST **ANTONIO PROHIAS** COLORIST **CARRIE STRACHAN**



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #60, JAN 1961

Okay, Gang! It's time for another MAD version of a popular movie. Lean back, relax, take your shoes off, notice that the people sitting next to you are running for other seats, put your shoes back on, and join us as...

MAD VISITS THE PRODUCER-DIRECTOR OF "CHARADES"

WRITER **LARRY SIEGEL** ARTIST **MORT DRUCKER**

Hello, there! I'm **Stanley Done-In**, the Producer-Director of the 1963 film "**CHARADES**"! I'd like to show you... Hey! **Stop the projector!** Have you gone out of your **mind?!**

What's the **matter, S.D.?** Aren't the opening titles **modernistic** enough? Isn't the opening musical score **jazzy** enough?

They're both fine—but **who** starts a movie nowadays with **opening titles?** First you get in **drama**—then **plot-development**—then the **climax**—then the words "**The End**"... **THEN** the opening titles!

CARY GRAND and AUDREY HEARTBURN

play

"CHARADES"

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #88, JUL 1964

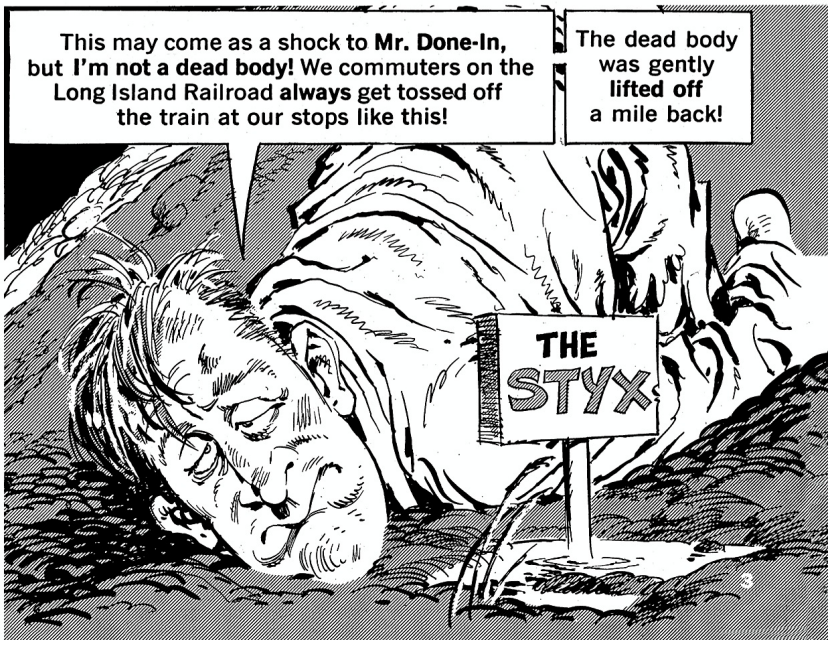
There—that's a much **better** opening... a **dead body** being thrown from a **train!**

In a horrible comedy like this—I mean a horror-comedy like this, you must **shock** the audience **immediately**...



This may come as a shock to **Mr. Done-In,** but **I'm not a dead body!** We commuters on the Long Island Railroad **always** get tossed off the train at our stops like this!

The dead body was gently **lifted off** a mile back!



Now cut to an Alpine ski resort. Those people who weren't shocked by the dead body will be shocked by the **live Cary Grand without make-up!**

Dialogue in any Cary Grand movie is always the same as dialogue in real life. **Richard Burton's** real life!

Cary, what **happened?** You look like you're **60 years old.**

I **AM** 60 years old.

But you're supposed to look **35 . . .** for at least 60 **more** years.

I know, but I've been **worrying** a lot lately.

What have **you** been worrying about?

How I'm going to look **35** for 60 **more** years!

I'm Peter Josher. I'm witty, suave, sophisticated, a fabulous dresser, and unemployed.

I'm Rigid Lambone. We've known each other for two minutes and five seconds now . . . so naturally I've fallen in **love** with you!

As usual, I act **cute** and **coy,** so you'll have to **chase** me for 10 reels.

I don't mind. How fast can an old man **run?**

Now we cut to the exciting suspense-filled scene when Rigid arrives at her apartment in Paris and finds it stripped bare. She rushes from room to room opening closets—

Injecting **humor** into **morbid scenes** is a prerequisite of a horror-comedy like this one. Take this scene at the funeral, where we meet three murder suspects:

What a **shock.** What an **awful disappointment.** You must feel **terrible** not finding any clothes in your closets.

I don't feel half as bad as the **audience.** They're shocked and disappointed because I didn't find any **bodies** in my closets!

I'm Leopold Giddyman. I'm **sneezing in the corpse's face** to see if he's **really dead.**

I'm Kentuck Pentup. I'm **pushing a mirror under the corpse's nose** to see if he's really dead.

I'm Herman Scuba. I'm **sticking a pin into the corpse's hand** to see if he's really dead.

Well, the way you three all **stormed in** here, if he **was** faking up to now, you probably **scared him to death!**

Note the injection of humor in this next gripping scene of intrigue at the U.S. Embassy.

Next, the hero takes the heroine to a Paris night club, and being so **debonnair** and **sophisticated,** they naturally play "pass the orange" on the dance floor.

. . . so anyway, your husband was murdered and his body thrown from that train. The three main suspects are old army buddies of his. They're after $250,000 the four of them stole from the U.S. Government during the war. Your husband is believed to have **hidden it** somewhere.

Why is a distinguished ambassador like **you** telling me this horrible news while wearing those **ridiculous shorts?**

The writer couldn't think of any witty **remarks I** could make to get laughs!

What's this got to do with the plot?

Not a **thing.** It just gives me a chance to act cute and coy with this **old lady** so all the **old ladies** in the **audience** can **identify** with her!



Suddenly, Rigid finds herself passing the orange to Giddyman, one of the murder suspects. He threatens to **torture** her . . .

The second suspect, Kentuck, threatens Rigid with **lighted matches** in a phone booth . . .

But I swear I don't know **where** my husband's money is.

You better tell me or I'll make you play this game the **hard** way.

How do you play this game the **hard** way?

You have to pass **cans of frozen orange juice!**

I swear, Kentuck, I don't know **where** the money is.

You better tell me or I'll set your **dress on fire.** Or maybe I'll set your **hair on fire!** Or maybe I'll make you die the most **horrible death of all.** I'll make you **smoke a cigarette!!**



The third suspect, Scuba—a big, fat, grotesque slobbering hulk with an artificial hand—waits for Rigid and threatens her in her hotel room.

And then, a hysterical **new** development! The **hero,** Peter Josher, becomes a fourth suspect.

You better meet me with the money in front of Notre Dame Cathedral tomorrow at noon, **OR ELSE!!**

How will I be able to **recognize** you?

I'll wear a **rose** in my lapel.

Scuba just phoned to tell me you're not **really** Peter Josher—and that **you're** after the money **too.**

That's **right.** Now the plot starts to get **complicated.** You see, for the rest of the movie, I'll pretend to be **many** different people. That's why the picture is called **"Charades"!** Get it?

F'rinstance, now that I'm no longer **Peter Josher,** I'll be **Alex Dial.** And when you find out I'm **not** Alex Alex Dial, I'll be **Adam Caulfield,** then **Mike Stokie,** then **Hans Conried . . .**

Well, after you pretend to be all those people, who will you turn out to be—really and truly?

Let's save that for the big climax scene. Meanwhile, just to inject a serious note into all this hilarious horror, I'm taking a shower with all my clothes on!



Now for the scene that's a **"must"** for every horror-comedy movie like this one, the thrilling but frightening fight on the rooftop, with witty remarks to take the edge off.

You know what I'm going to do with you? I'm going to rip out your eyes and throw you off the roof and you'll hit the ground and smash all your bones and bleed all over the . . .

Gee whiz, Scuba . . . can't you ever be **serious!?**

And now for some **really** funny scenes: Scuba is found drowned in a bathtub.



Next, Giddyman's throat is slit in an elevator...

And finally, Kentuck is found with a vinyl plastic bag tied over his head.

This calls for some **witty bathtub remark.** How about: Too bad he **died** before he had a chance to **COME CLEAN!**

That's clever. How about: This crime has a **familiar RING** to it!

I got one! Looks like **somebody** gave him the **SHAFT!**

Not bad! Here's a **better** one! The murderer really showed him **WHERE TO GET OFF!**

How's **this?** Obviously the murderer didn't want to let the **cat** out of the **BAG!**

Better still... That **WRAPS UP** the last of the **suspects!** ...which means **I'm in plenty trouble!**

Why are you **running away** from me, Rigid?

Because **no more suspects** leaves only **YOU!** Besides, in horror-comedies, there's always a **big chase** leading to a fantastic **climax scene** at a world-famous **geographical landmark!**

I know that. But **our** big climax takes place in that **French theatre** we just passed.

A theater!? What a dull place for an exciting climax scene. **Keep running!**

How's **this** place for a climax?

It was used before in **"Man On The Eiffel Tower"!**

How about the **Empire State Building?**

It was used before in **"King Kong"!**

What about the **Statue Of Liberty?**

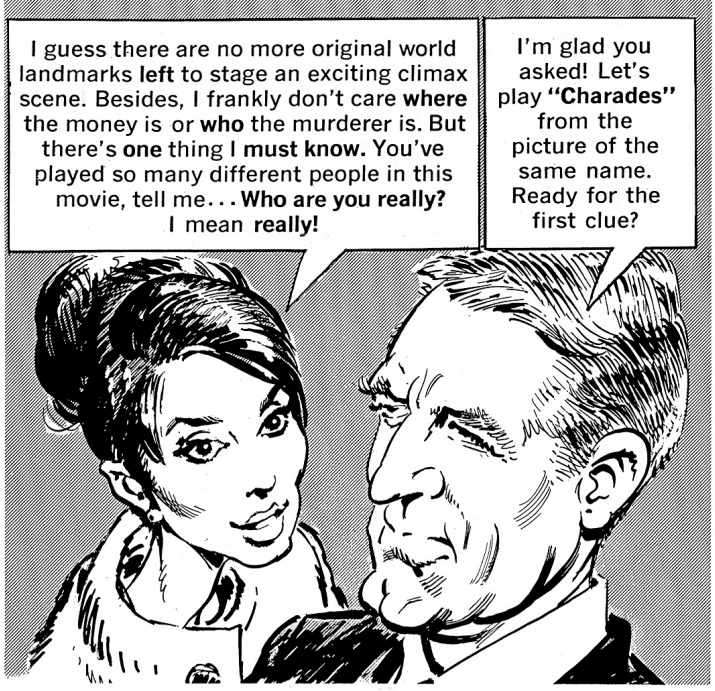
Nope! It was used in **"Espionage"!**

Mount Rushmore?

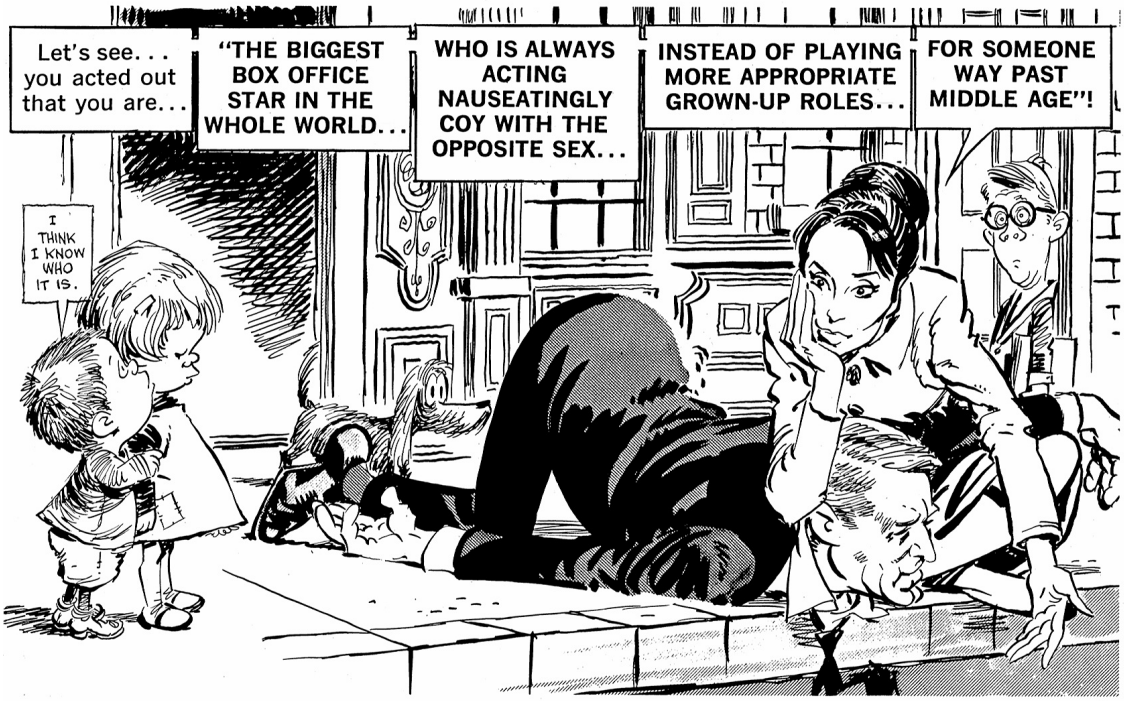
Nope! **"North By Northwest"!**

Cowznofski's East Bronx Butcher Shop?

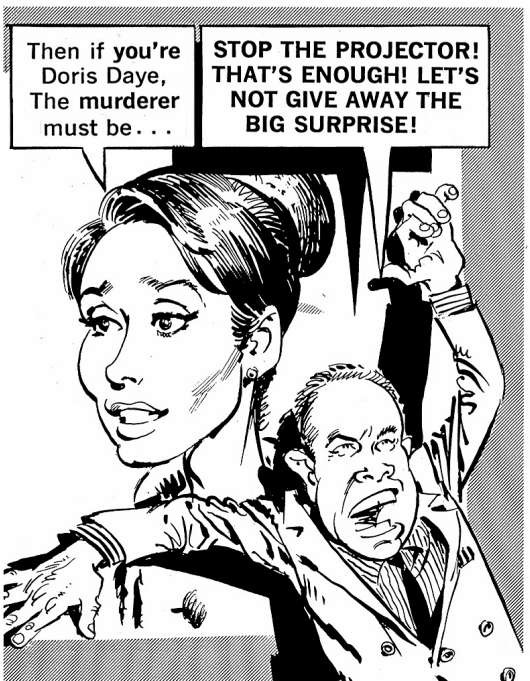
"Marty"!

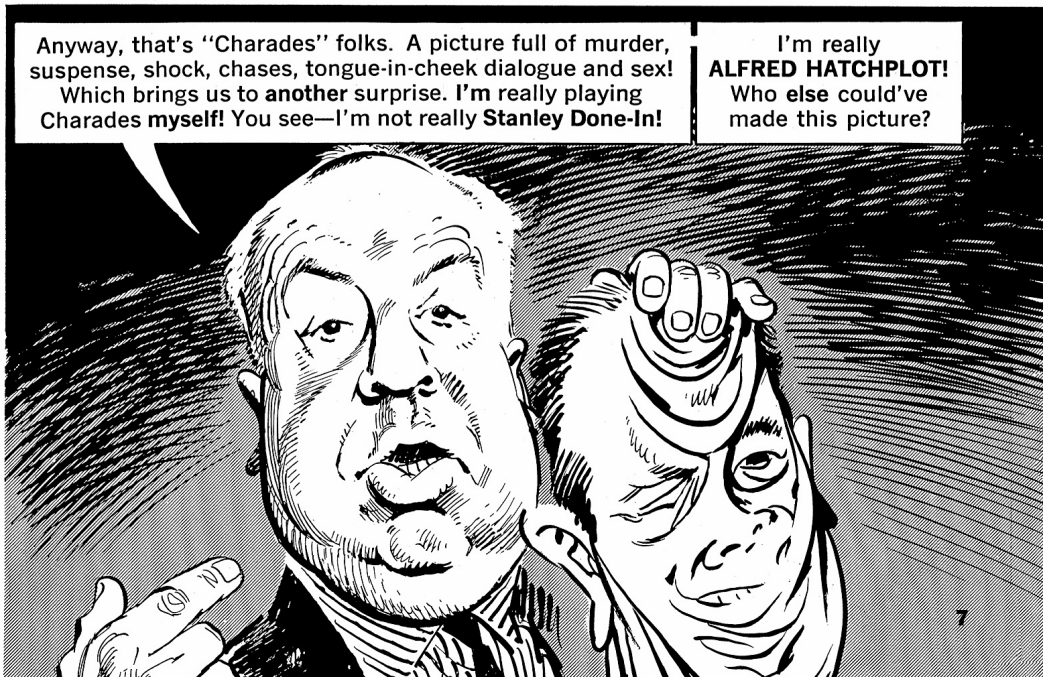

I guess there are no more original world landmarks **left** to stage an exciting climax scene. Besides, I frankly don't care **where** the money is or **who** the murderer is. But there's **one** thing I **must know.** You've played so many different people in this movie, tell me... **Who are you really?** I mean **really!**
I'm glad you asked! Let's play **"Charades"** from the picture of the same name. Ready for the first clue?

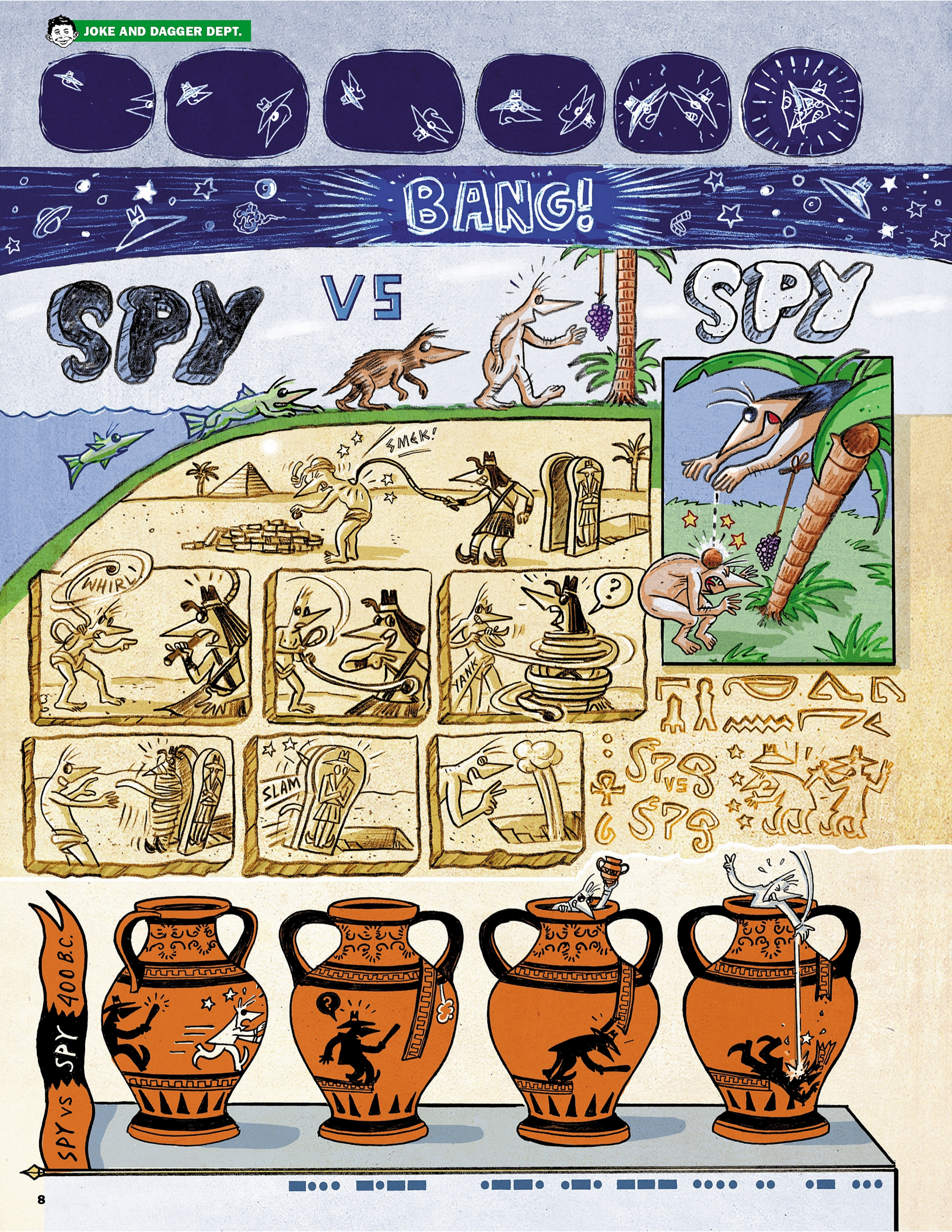

Little word—a!—an!—the! The first word is **"THE"!**
Tall!—Large!—Big!—Bigger!—Biggest! The second word is **"BIGGEST"! "THE BIGGEST—"**
Third word—Star!—**STAR!** Fourth word—Square!—Box! Box top!—Box Score!—Box Office!—**BOX OFFICE!**
"THE BIGGEST BOX OFFICE STAR—IN—THE—WHOLE WORLD!"

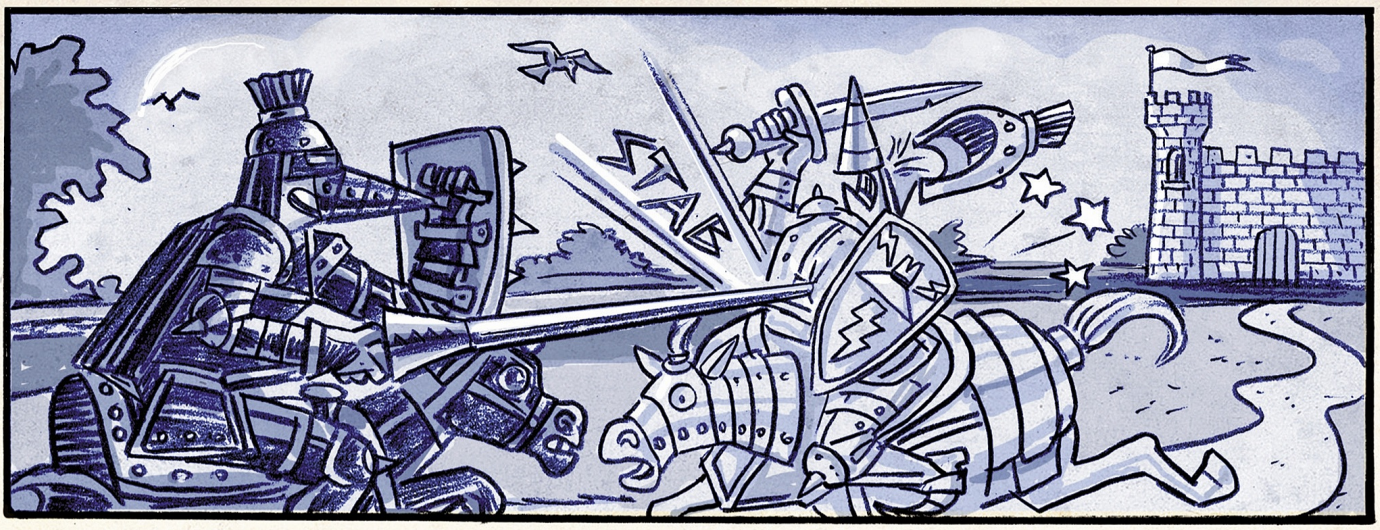

Let's see... you acted out that you are...
"THE BIGGEST BOX OFFICE STAR IN THE WHOLE WORLD...
WHO IS ALWAYS ACTING NAUSEATINGLY COY WITH THE OPPOSITE SEX...
INSTEAD OF PLAYING MORE APPROPRIATE GROWN-UP ROLES...
FOR SOMEONE WAY PAST MIDDLE AGE"!
I THINK I KNOW WHO IT IS.

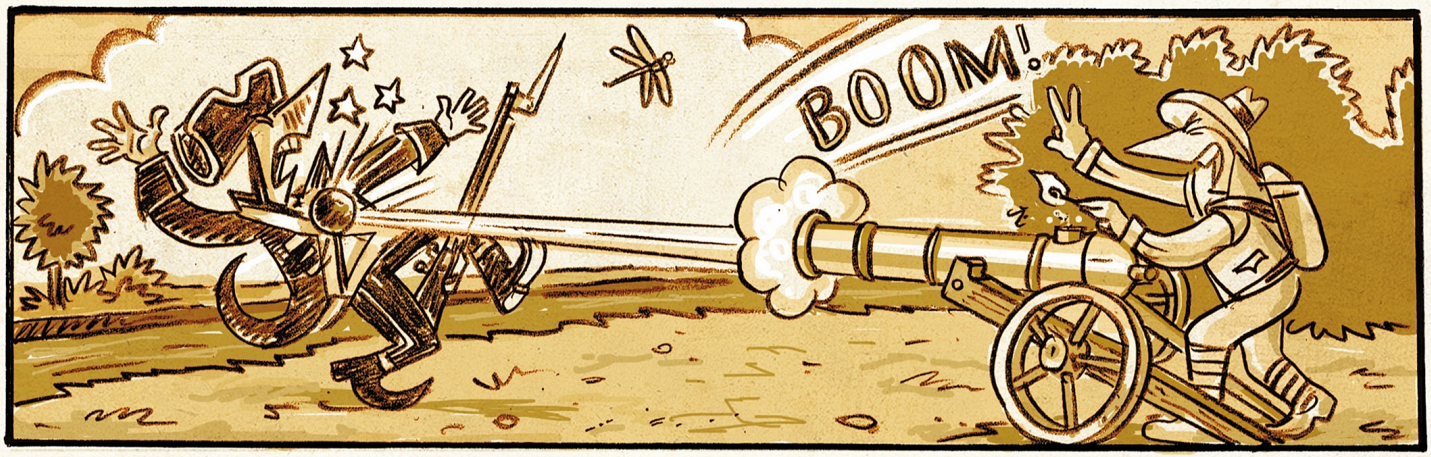

I got it. You're really **yourself! CARY GRAND!**
Wrong! I'm really **DORIS DAYE!**


Then if **you're** Doris Daye, The **murderer** must be...
STOP THE PROJECTOR! THAT'S ENOUGH! LET'S NOT GIVE AWAY THE BIG SURPRISE!

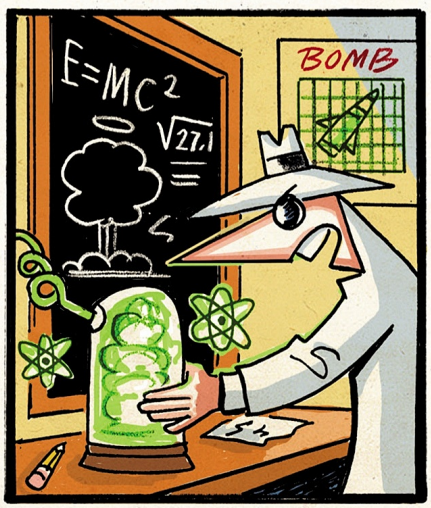

Anyway, that's "Charades" folks. A picture full of murder, suspense, shock, chases, tongue-in-cheek dialogue and sex! Which brings us to **another** surprise. **I'm** really playing Charades **myself!** You see—I'm not really **Stanley Done-In!**
I'm really **ALFRED HATCHPLOT!** Who **else** could've made this picture?

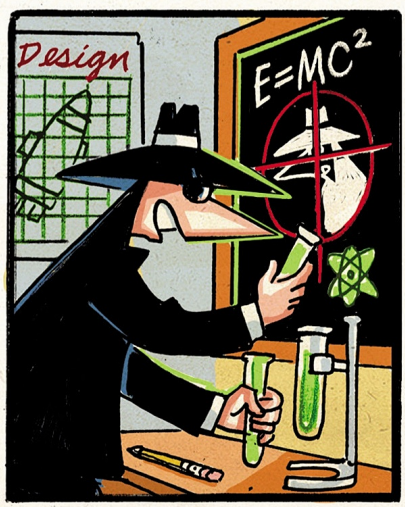

BANG!
SPY VS SPY
SMEK!
WHIRL
YANK
SLAM
SPY VS SPY 400 B.C.

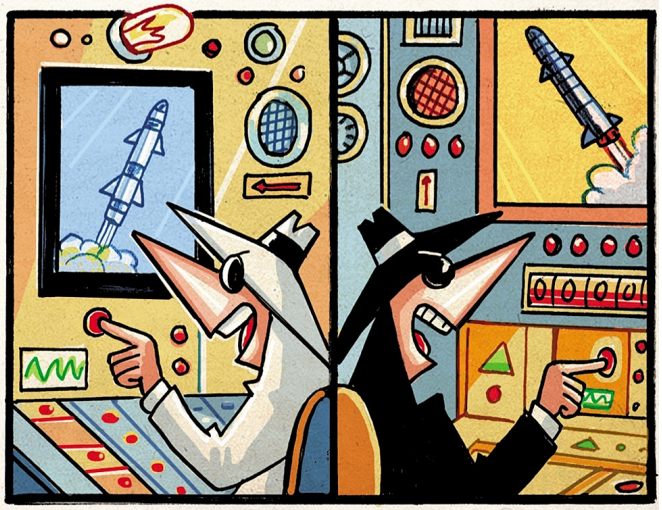






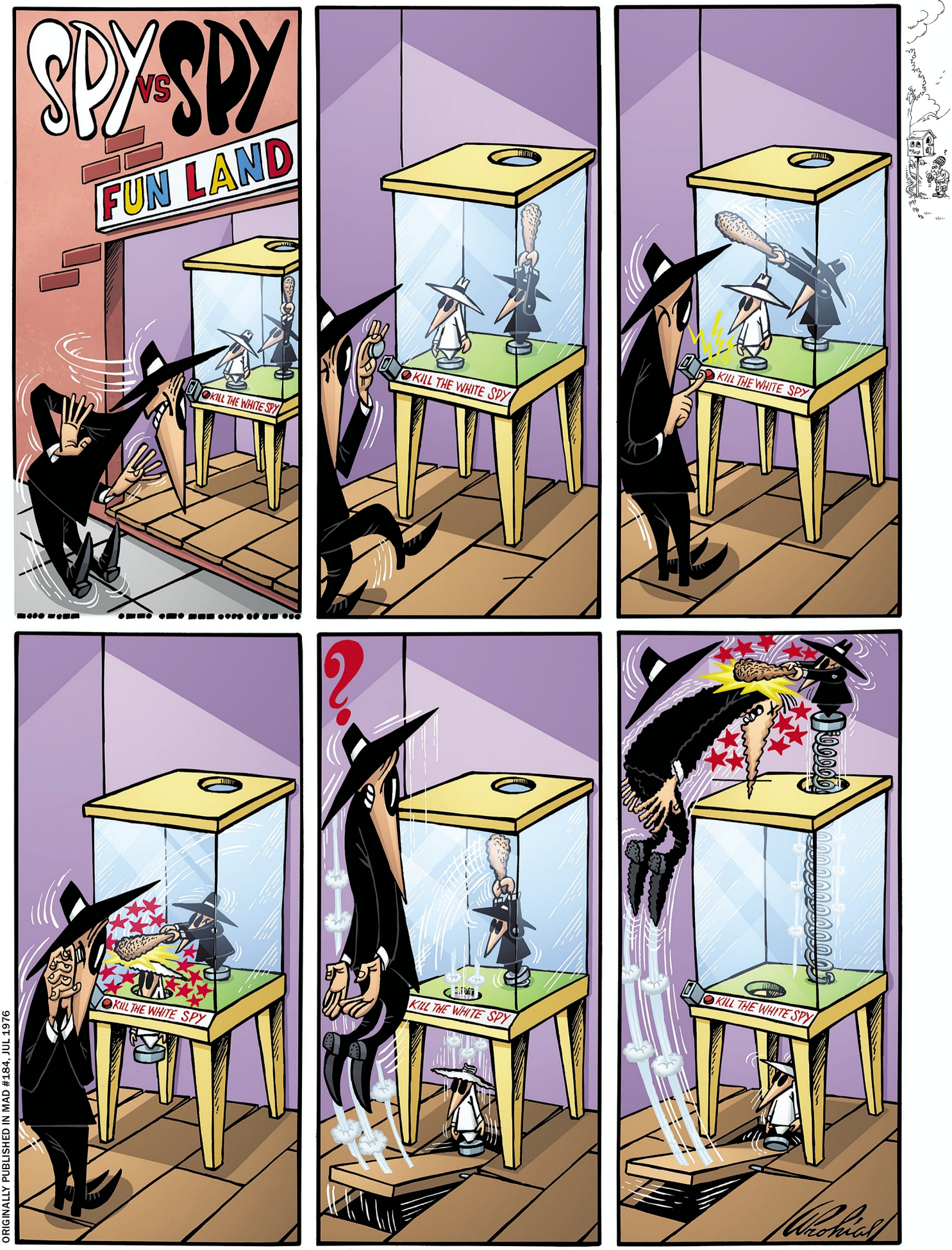






WRITER & ARTIST **PETER KUPER**


FALLOUT SHELTER
ALERT
BOOM!
FALLOUT SHELTER
ALERT
HACK!
CHOP!
GZZT
GZZT
GZZT
GZZT
GZZZT
CREAK
CREAK
KUPER



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #184, JUL 1976

WRITER & ARTIST **ANTONIO PROHIAS** COLORIST **CARRIE STRACHAN**

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And whaddaya get? Mainly, a profound desire for that great, old TV show with its fun, exciting plots and wonderful, believable cast! But it's too late! 'Cause once again those Hollywood geniuses have screwed up, leaving you...

WISHIN' for IMPOSSIBLE
WISHIN the IMPOSSIBLE

WRITER **DICK DEBARTOLO** ARTIST **ANGELO TORRES**

Good morning, **Mr. Yelps!** This is **Kiddyounot** at **IMF headquarters!** You'll notice this **assignment message** is **17 cassettes** long! That's because it's the most **implausible mission** ever and totally **impossible** to understand, understand? And here it is! A major Russian spy, **Alexander Golightly,** is **selling** an **illegal copy** of the **top secret CROC list!** He's a **singularly** dangerous **double agent** with a **triple bypass** who's wanted for submitting **quadruple** health benefit claims for his **quintuplets!**

IT'S JOE BUCK, I TELL YA...

SPECIAL DELIVERANCE

Torres

I trust you're **with me** so far, **right** Yelps? **Yelps! Wake up,** you fool! Now **listen!** Your **IMF team** on this **mission incredible** is: **Ether Hunk!** Handsome, young and fearless, he's one of our most **trusted** agents, which means we only keep him under surveillance **23 hours a day!**



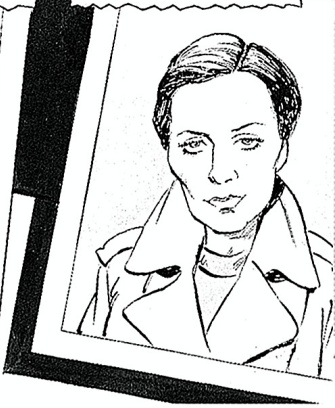
Clam! She **drinks** much more than she should, which clouds her judgment when she's with **younger men,** like **Hunk!** She wears sexy **clothes, provocative perfume,** and is very **seductive!** Of course, **you** wouldn't **know any** of this, considering **Clam** is your **wife!**



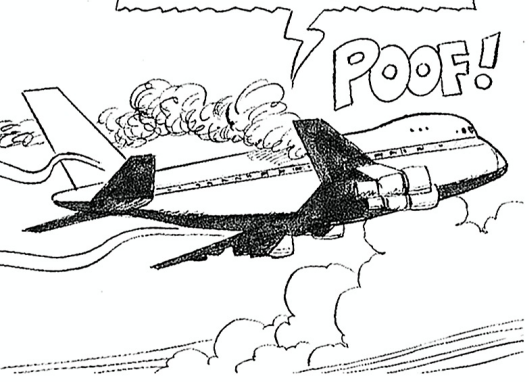
Jerk Keeper is your "tech support"! He can **disarm** burglar alarms, **intercept** secret **transmissions, crack** tough **security codes** and use his **computer** to **break** into any **mainframe** in the **world!** Just **don't** mention **WINDOWS 95** to **him!** He **still** can't **figure it out!**



And this is **Sayonara!** You **don't need** to know **anything** about her, because she'll be **dead soon anyway!** And that's your **dream team, Yelps!**



They're not the **best agents,** but they're the ones with the **nicest 8X10's!** Your mission is to take this unbelievably complicated **mess** and turn it into a **major motion picture!** As always, this **tape** will **self destruct!** The **plot** for this movie **already has!**



The Russian spy **Golighty** plans to **steal** the **CROC list** tomorrow night!

What is the **CROC list?**

Who knows? Who **cares!** The object **here** is **breaking in, wiretapping** and **stealing** it before **someone else** does!

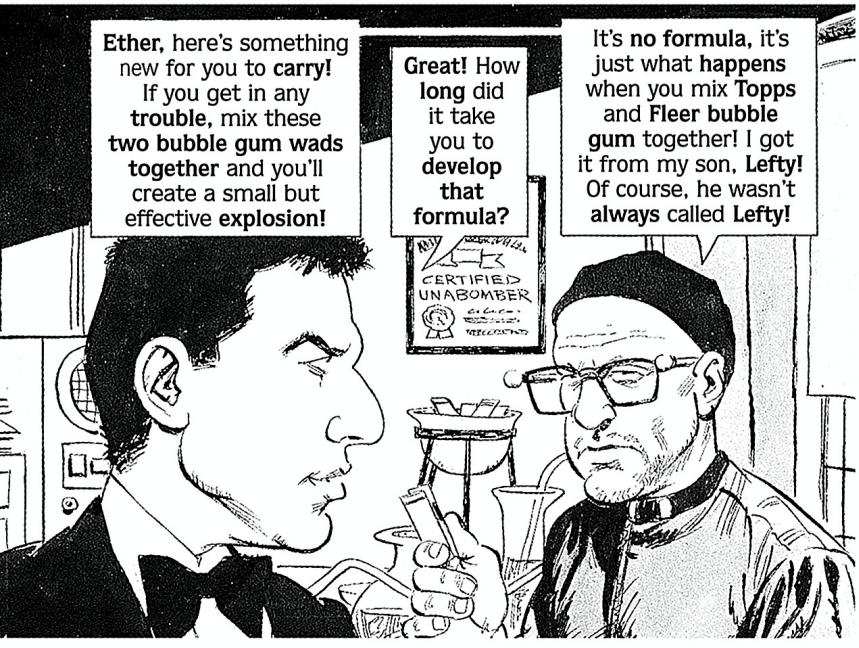
We only know **one** thing! **Everyone wants** the **list** — third world terrorists, tin-pot **tyrants, arms merchants, drug lords,** and **worst** of all, **telemarketers!**



Ether, here's something new for you to **carry!** If you get in any **trouble,** mix these **two bubble gum wads together** and you'll create a small but effective **explosion!**

Great! How **long** did it take you to **develop that formula?**

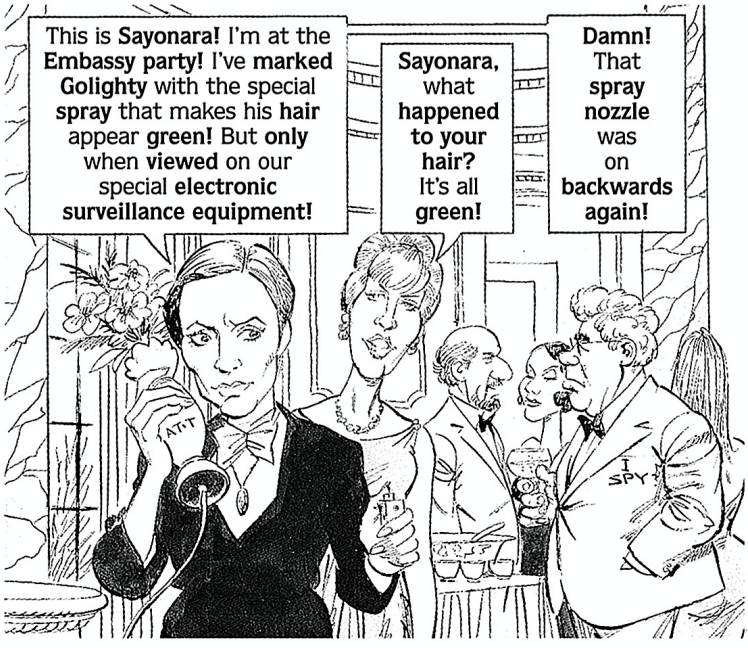
It's **no formula,** it's just what **happens** when you mix **Topps** and **Fleer bubble gum** together! I got it from my son, **Lefty!** Of course, he wasn't **always** called **Lefty!**



This is **Sayonara!** I'm at the **Embassy party!** I've **marked Golighty** with the special **spray** that makes his **hair** appear **green!** But **only** when **viewed** on our special **electronic surveillance equipment!**

Sayonara, what **happened to your hair?** It's all **green!**

Damn! That **spray nozzle** was on **backwards again!**

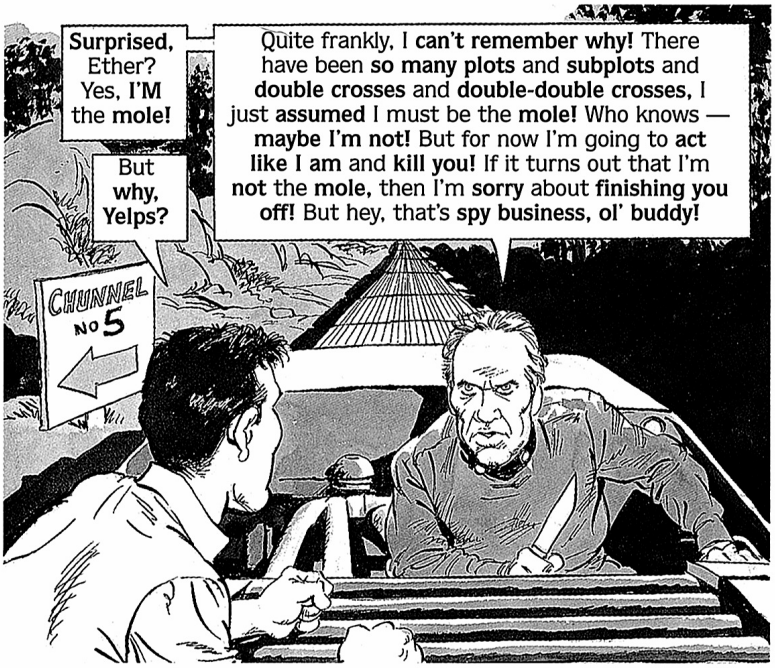


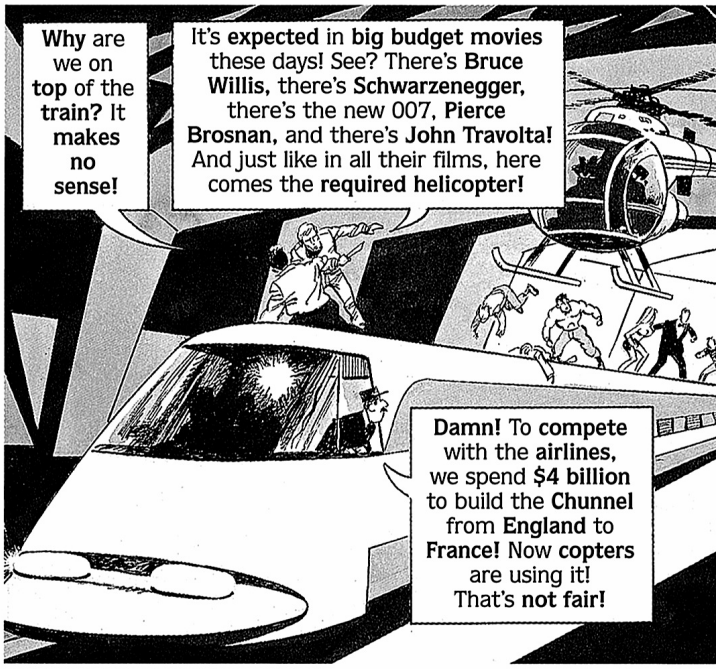

FINISH
Oh, great! Look who just showed up! Dennis Rodman, who DOES have green hair! This is gonna be very confusing!
Not to MAD readers! Remember, MAD's a cheap, no-color magazine! No problem!
BULLS
Nuts! Golightly is getting away with the CROC computer disk! And now the getaway car with Clam just exploded!
Exploded? Man, car alarms get louder and more annoying every day!
This is Jerk! I'm stuck on a runaway elevator! In a second, I'm REALLY gonna get the shaft!
This is Yelps! I'm shot! And I fell in the river! Getting shot was bad enough, but this water is freezing!
Sayonara here! I've been knifed! And they used a butter knife! It took almost an hour to break skin!
Ether, this is Kiddyounot! How's the Mission Inconceivable going?
It's going really great! A few minor hitches: Clam, Jerk Sayonara and Gym are all dead! But hey, no mission is perfect!
Let's meet in half an hour!
Where are you?
I don't know! This mission is so secret, my airline ticket was blank!
My ticket was blank too! That means we must be in the same place! See you in half an hour!
VLTAVA
CZECHS CASHED
A member of the IMF team has defected, and we suspect you! Explain $127,000 suddenly appearing in your bank account!
You'd be surprised how much you can save if you clip all those coupons in the Sunday paper!
MENU
COCKTAIL
I think Ether is the "mole" in the operation, using the code name "Job 7-11"! Put pressure on him!
We already canceled his passport, put him on the FBI's Most Wanted List and froze his assets!
Get tougher! Call his cable company and have them block all the channels except C-Span!
Wow! You can be a real sonovabitch when you get angry!
TODAYS SPECIAL
LITTLE MERMAID AL DENTE
I typed every variation of "Job 7-11" into my laptop — nothing! Then I realized it was a Biblical reference! It was scribbled right on the first page: "For selling classified information at the highest rates see Lax, secret agent!"
M-KORN
I'm Lax! For the CROC disc I'm offering six million dollars! Are you the man I need?
No, I'm not the Six Million Dollar Man! That's a different old TV show yet to be turned into a movie! But I am your man!


Clam, you're alive! How did you manage that?
I suspected that car was rigged with a bomb so I let a friend open the door! Correction — an ex-friend! Ba-Boom!
You and Creaky have to help me break into the main computer at Dangley Headquarters! If anything goes wrong, blame everything on me, Clam! Tell Kiddyounot I killed Yelps and the rest of the team, and that I kidnapped you!
Okay, that's cool!
That's all you have to say?
I guess that was a little understated! I'm sorry, Ether! I should have said, "WAY cool!"
We're here to put out the fire in the TOP SECRET sector!
There is no fire!
Maybe we're a little early! We'll wait!
ATTENTION ALL PERSONNEL! FIRE, DAMMIT, FIRE!
There it is! Our equipment is so state of the art, it signals a fire alarm BEFORE the fire starts!
Thank God you caught that bead of sweat before it hit the ground! It would have set off the sensitive floor tile alarm!
Relax! You see that I'm hanging upside down! My wallet, keys, nail clipper, $13 in change and Swiss Army knife have fallen all over the place down there!
RISKY BUSINESS
Mission accomplished! I have the CROC disk!
Bring me the disk and I'll let your family go and reduce the charges against you from Treason to Double Parking!
What about turning my cable back on today?
Er, that will take at least two weeks! Some things are beyond even the IMF!
Well, I thought it was worth a shot! I'll meet you aboard the Bullet Train! Buy a roof ticket!
A roof ticket? That can only mean one thing — another fight on top of a train! I'd better hurry! These days the roof tickets sell out fast!
TELEPHONE
Yelps! You're (gasp!) alive! I don't believe it!
Yes, I was able to remove the bullets and stitch together my own wounds! And since I did such a good job, I decided to do my nose over! Like it?
GET WELL SOON RATSO

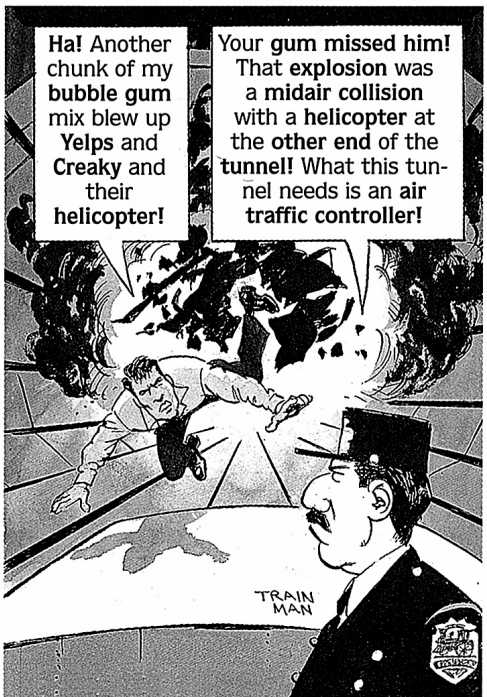


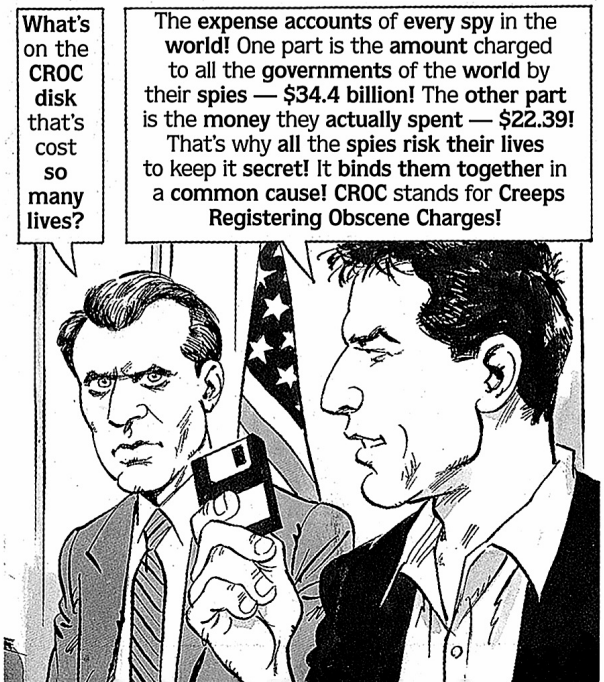


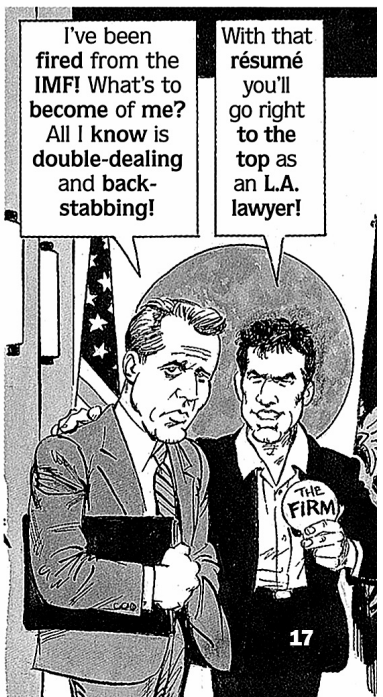




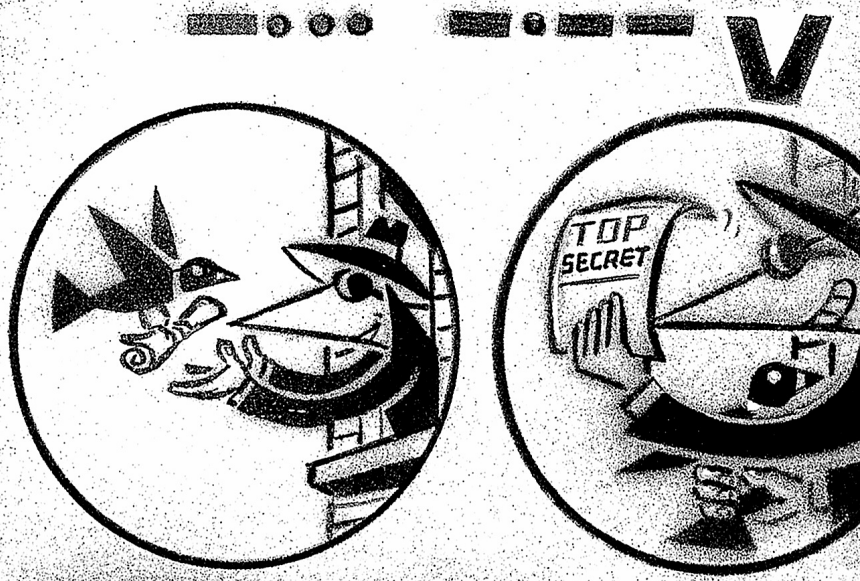
ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #347, JUL 1996

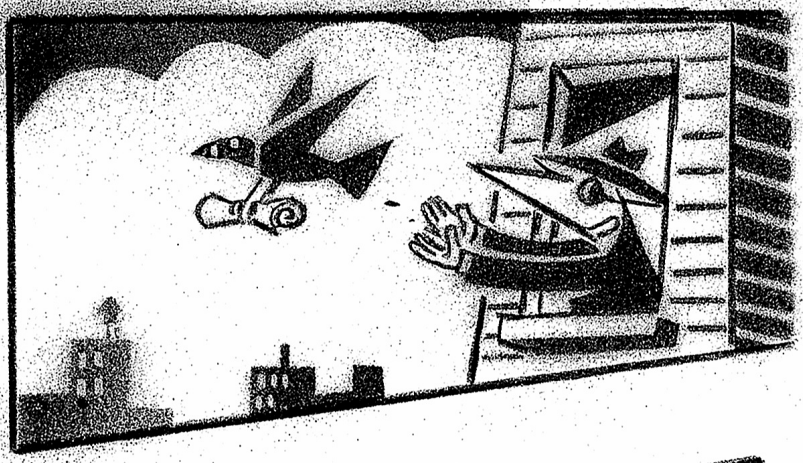


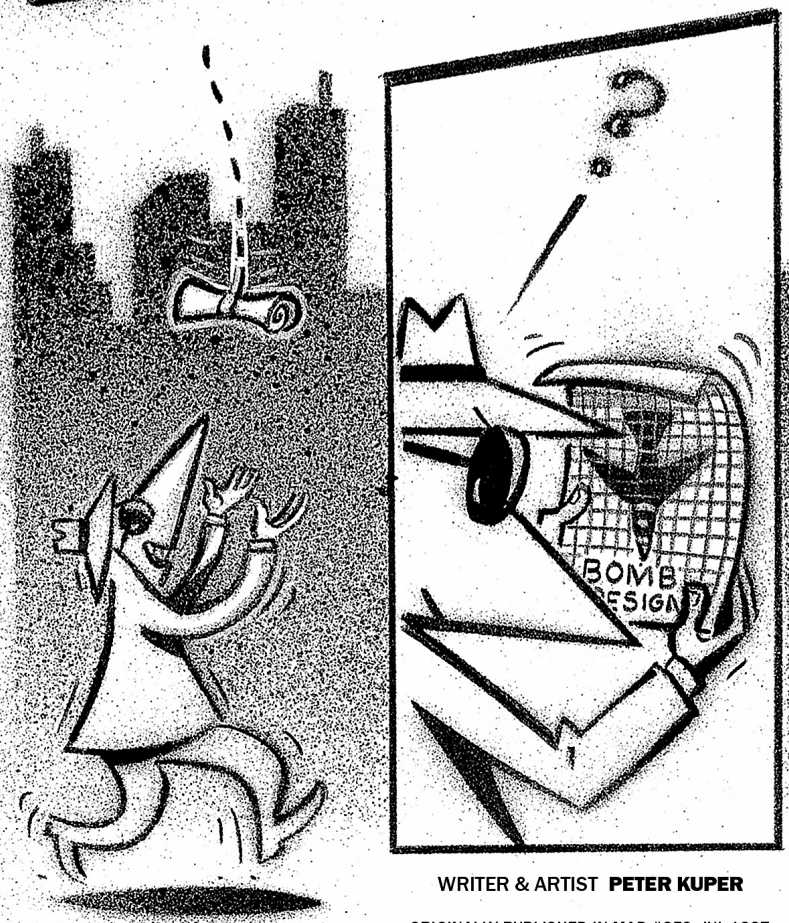












WRITER & ARTIST **PETER KUPER**

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #359, JUL 1997


SPY
BOOM!
KUPER

Every Sunday, Showtime airs an exciting CIA thriller that we can't get enough of! Action! Adventure! Explosions! Well, sometimes. 'Cause for every exciting minute, there are twice as many weepy domestic stories with melodrama that would make a soap opera writer blush. That's when our favorite show becomes...

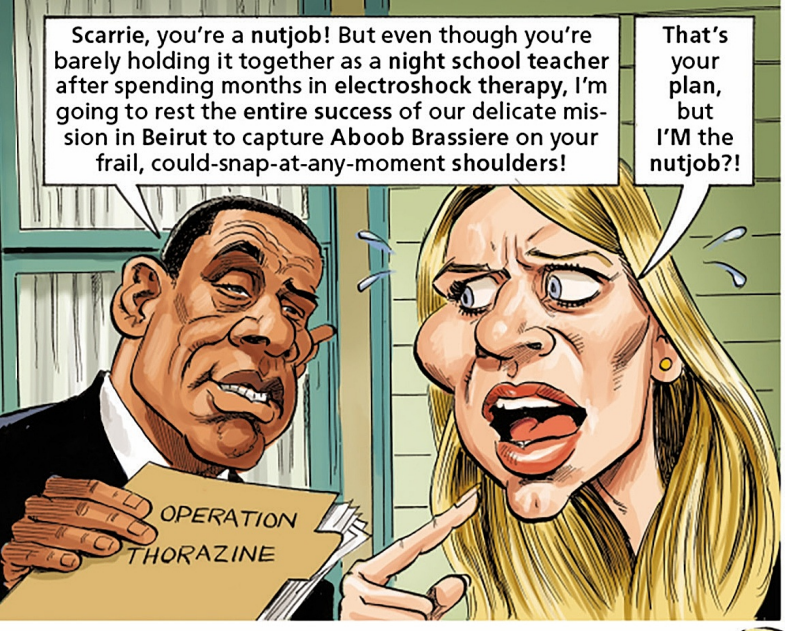
HO-H



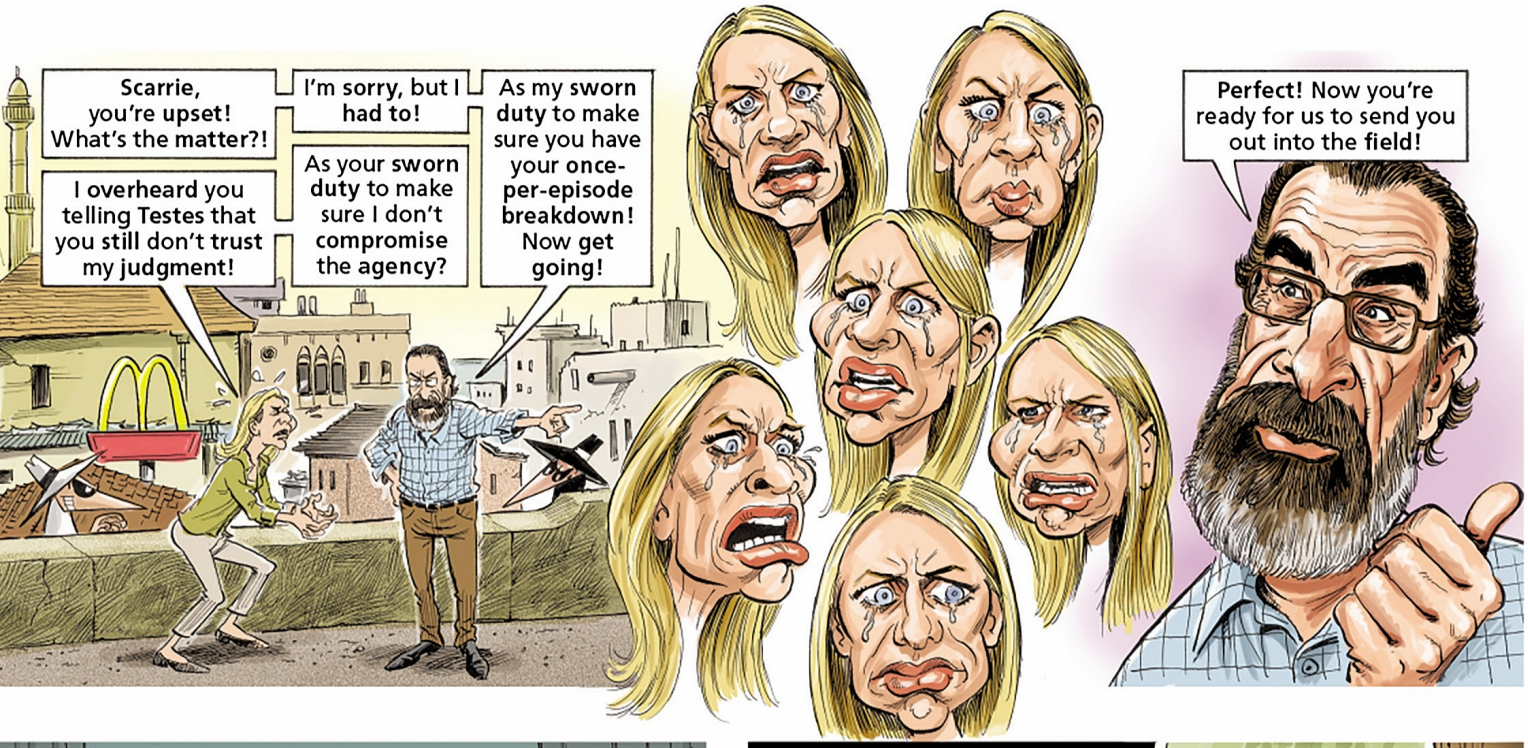
HUMLAND

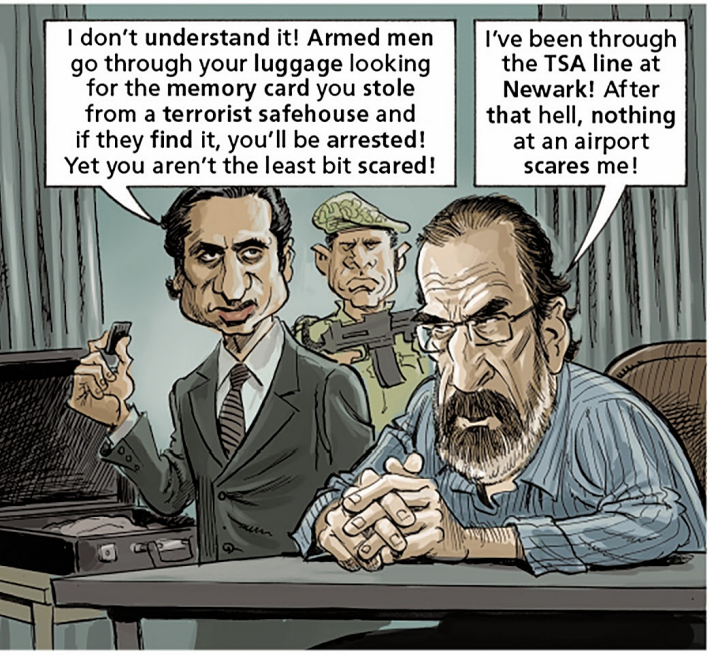
WRITER **DAVID SHAYNE** ARTIST **TOM RICHMOND**




Scarrie, you're a nutjob! But even though you're barely holding it together as a night school teacher after spending months in electroshock therapy, I'm going to rest the entire success of our delicate mission in Beirut to capture Aboob Brassiere on your frail, could-snap-at-any-moment shoulders!
That's your plan, but I'M the nutjob?!
OPERATION THORAZINE

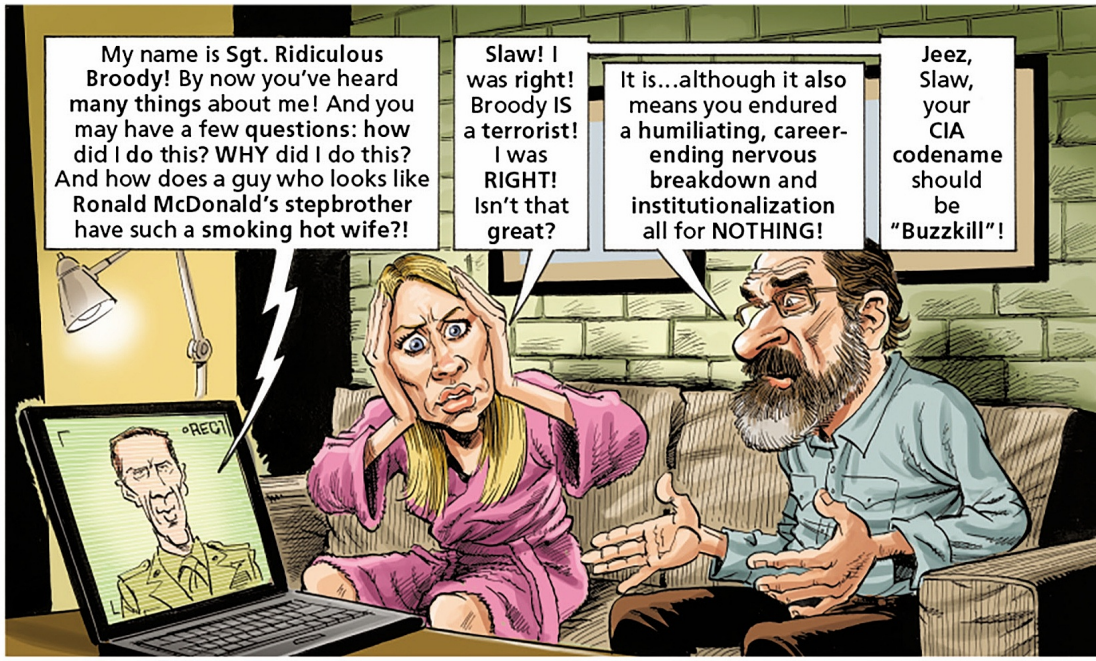

Broody, you must steal a list of potential targets from the CIA so my organization can attack the United States!
All that bloodshed. Will that really help our cause?
Who knows? But it will definitely help my career when I cover it!
OUT

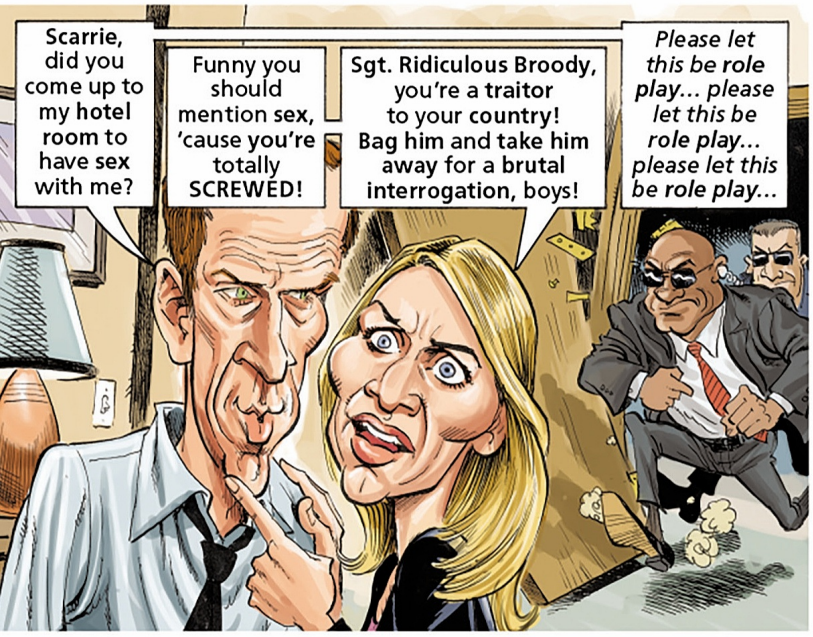

Scarrie, you're upset! What's the matter?!
I overheard you telling Testes that you still don't trust my judgment!
I'm sorry, but I had to!
As your sworn duty to make sure I don't compromise the agency?
As my sworn duty to make sure you have your once-per-episode breakdown! Now get going!
Perfect! Now you're ready for us to send you out into the field!

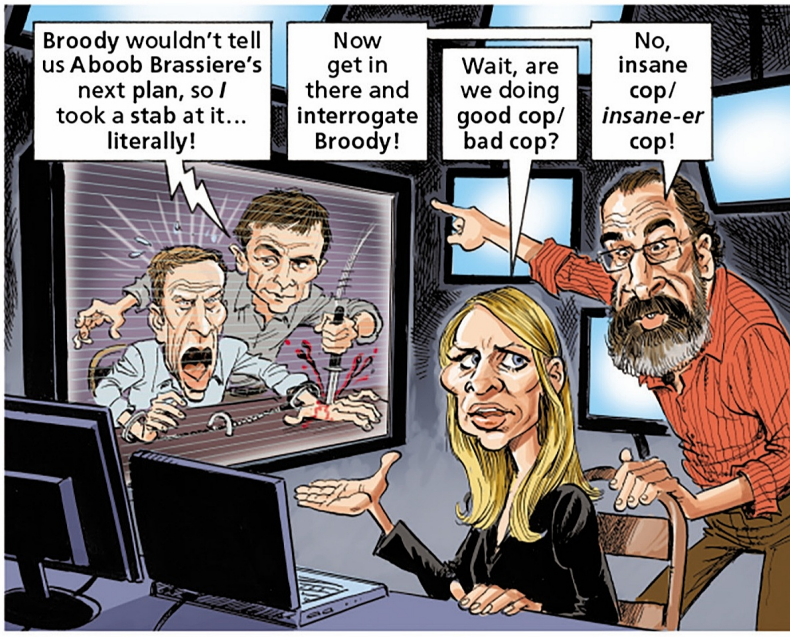

I don't understand it! Armed men go through your luggage looking for the memory card you stole from a terrorist safehouse and if they find it, you'll be arrested! Yet you aren't the least bit scared!
I've been through the TSA line at Newark! After that hell, nothing at an airport scares me!

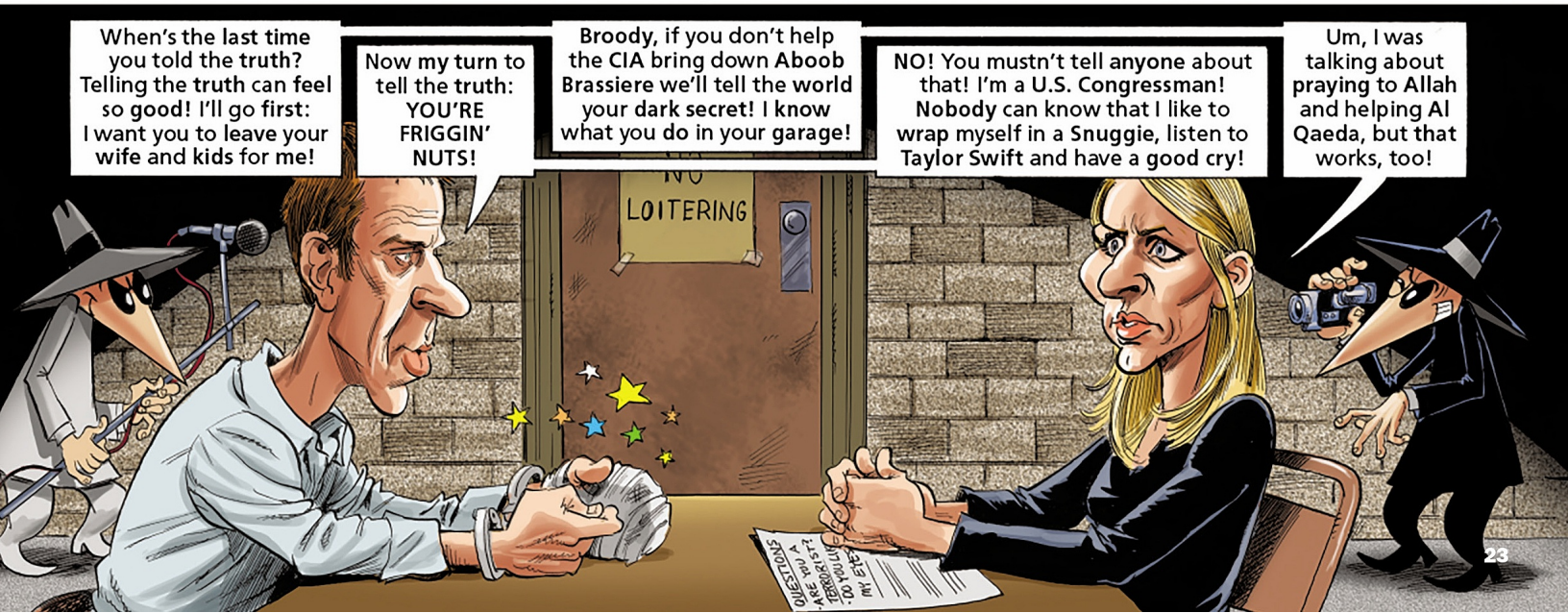

Broody, where are you? You're supposed to be giving a speech at this P.O.W. fundraiser!
Sorry, I uh... um... got a flat! You're going to have to give that speech for me!
What?! Even though I'm utterly unqualified, you want me to get up in front of all those people and probably make a fool of myself? How am I supposed to do that?!
Pretend you're on *America's Got Talent*!
CRACK!


Despite my kicking a known terrorist in the nuts in Beirut, they won't let me back in the agency, and STILL no one believes me about Broody! Well, only one thing to do — swallow a bunch of pills and booze! Or, as Lindsay Lohan calls it: breakfast!

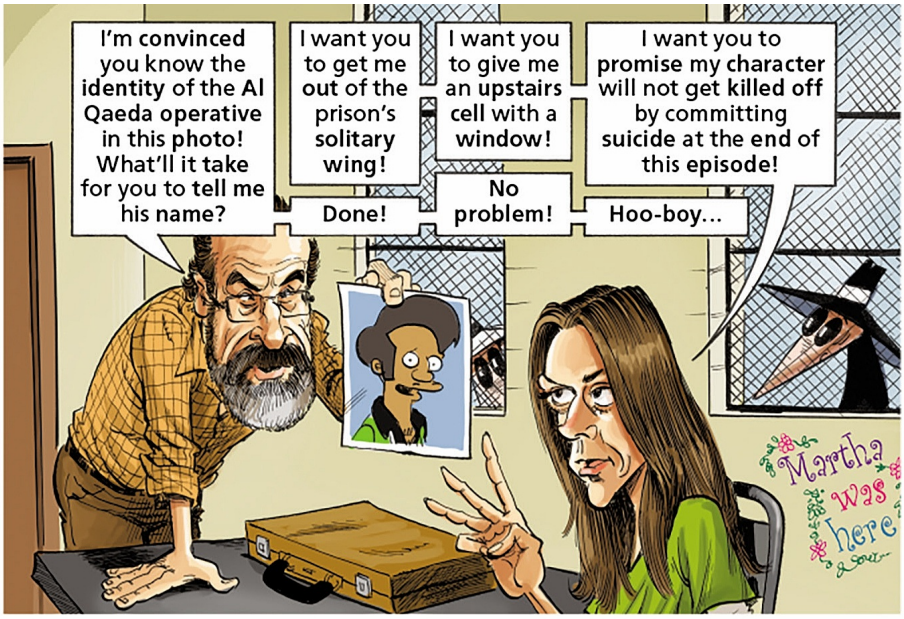

My name is Sgt. Ridiculous Broody! By now you've heard many things about me! And you may have a few questions: how did I do this? WHY did I do this? And how does a guy who looks like Ronald McDonald's stepbrother have such a smoking hot wife?!
Slaw! I was right! Broody IS a terrorist! I was RIGHT! Isn't that great?
It is...although it also means you endured a humiliating, career-ending nervous breakdown and institutionalization all for NOTHING!
Jeez, Slaw, your CIA codename should be "Buzzkill"!

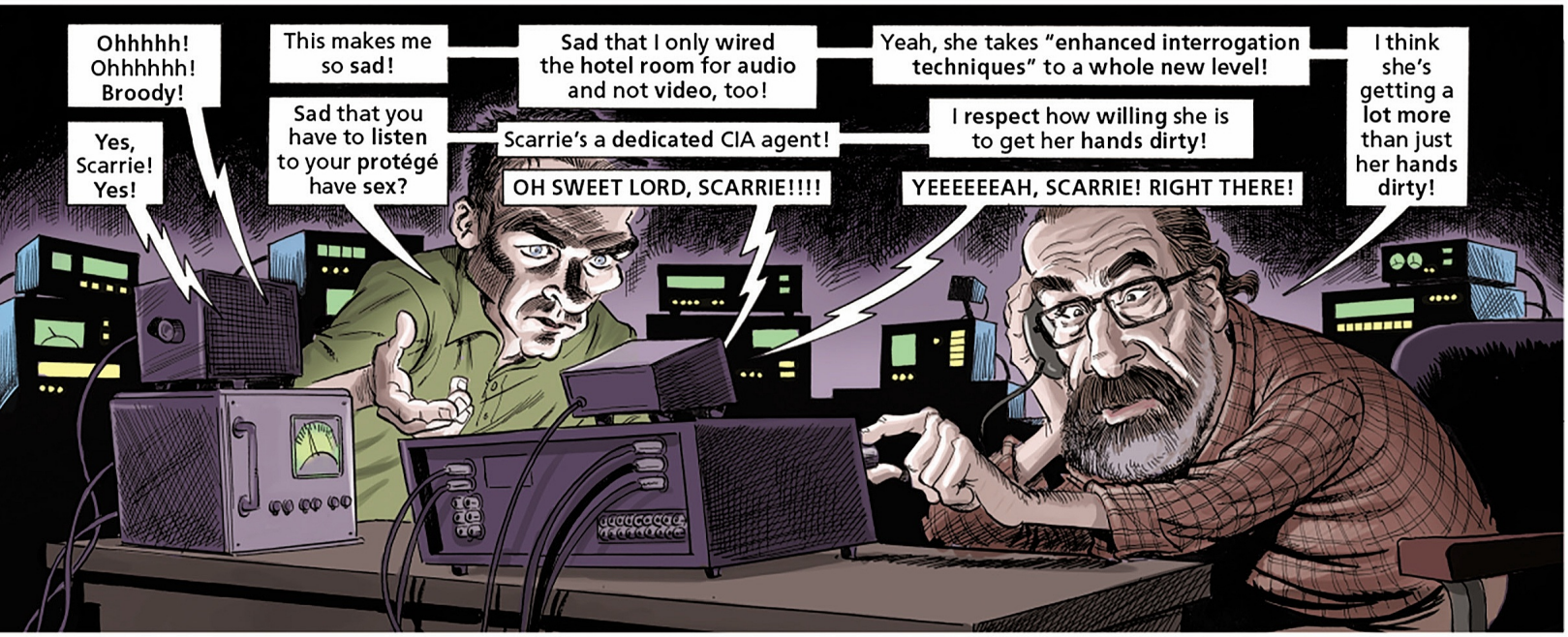

Scarrie, did you come up to my hotel room to have sex with me?
Funny you should mention sex, 'cause you're totally SCREWED!
Sgt. Ridiculous Broody, you're a traitor to your country! Bag him and take him away for a brutal interrogation, boys!
Please let this be role play... please let this be role play... please let this be role play...

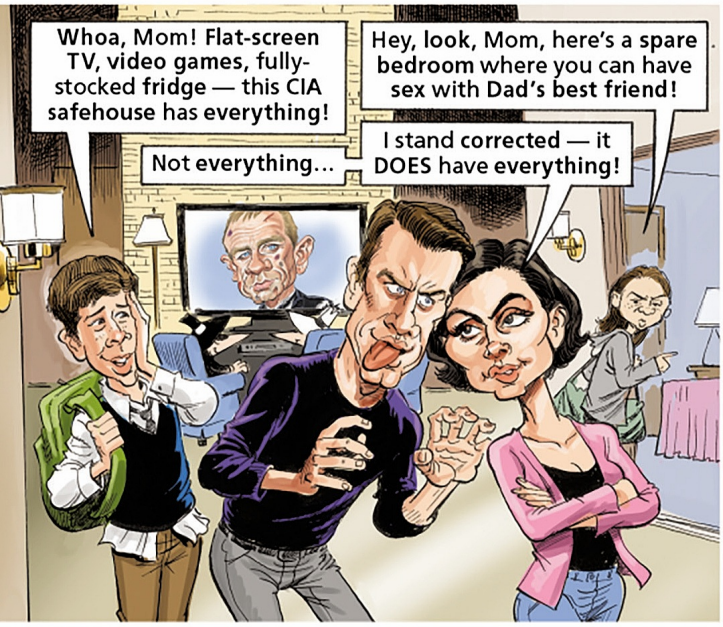

Broody wouldn't tell us Aboob Brassiere's next plan, so *I* took a stab at it... literally!
Now get in there and interrogate Broody!
Wait, are we doing good cop/ bad cop?
No, insane cop/ *insane-er* cop!

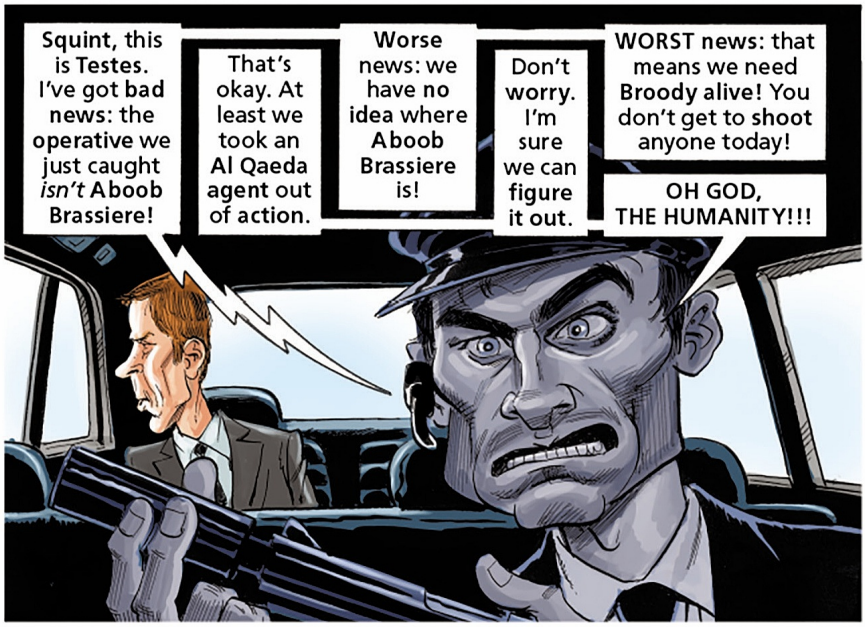

When's the last time you told the truth? Telling the truth can feel so good! I'll go first: I want you to leave your wife and kids for me!
Now my turn to tell the truth: YOU'RE FRIGGIN' NUTS!
Broody, if you don't help the CIA bring down Aboob Brassiere we'll tell the world your dark secret! I know what you do in your garage!
NO! You mustn't tell anyone about that! I'm a U.S. Congressman! Nobody can know that I like to wrap myself in a Snuggie, listen to Taylor Swift and have a good cry!
Um, I was talking about praying to Allah and helping Al Qaeda, but that works, too!
LOITERING





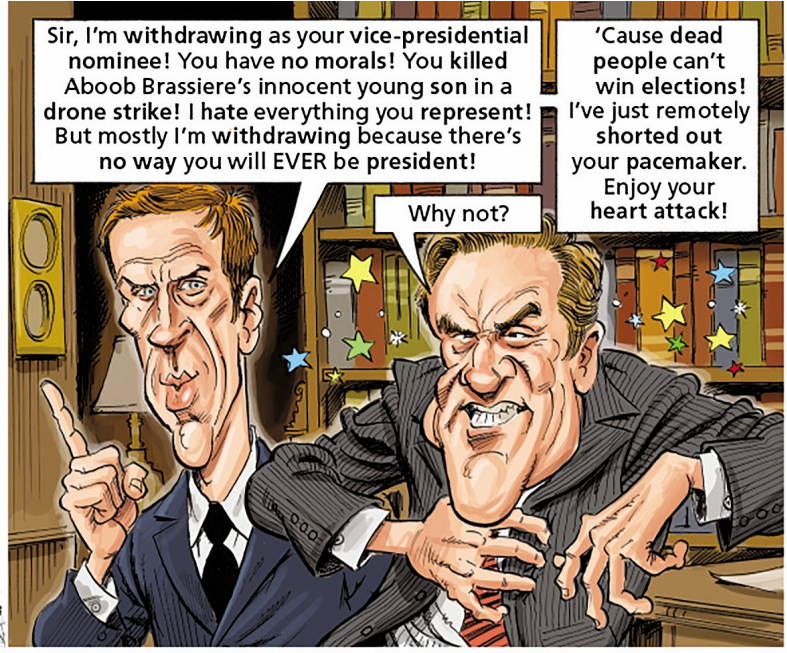


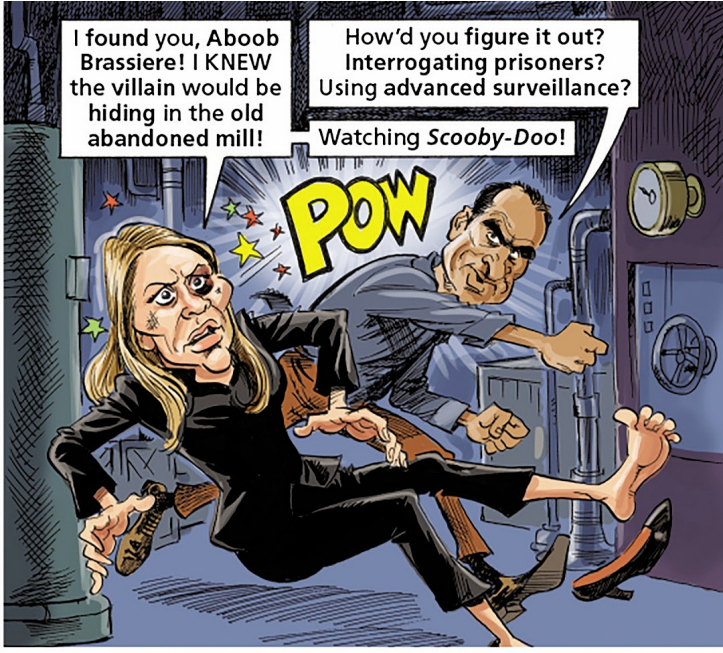






ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #523, OCT 2013


Sir, I'm withdrawing as your vice-presidential nominee! You have no morals! You killed Aboob Brassiere's innocent young son in a drone strike! I hate everything you represent! But mostly I'm withdrawing because there's no way you will EVER be president!
Why not?
'Cause dead people can't win elections! I've just remotely shorted out your pacemaker. Enjoy your heart attack!

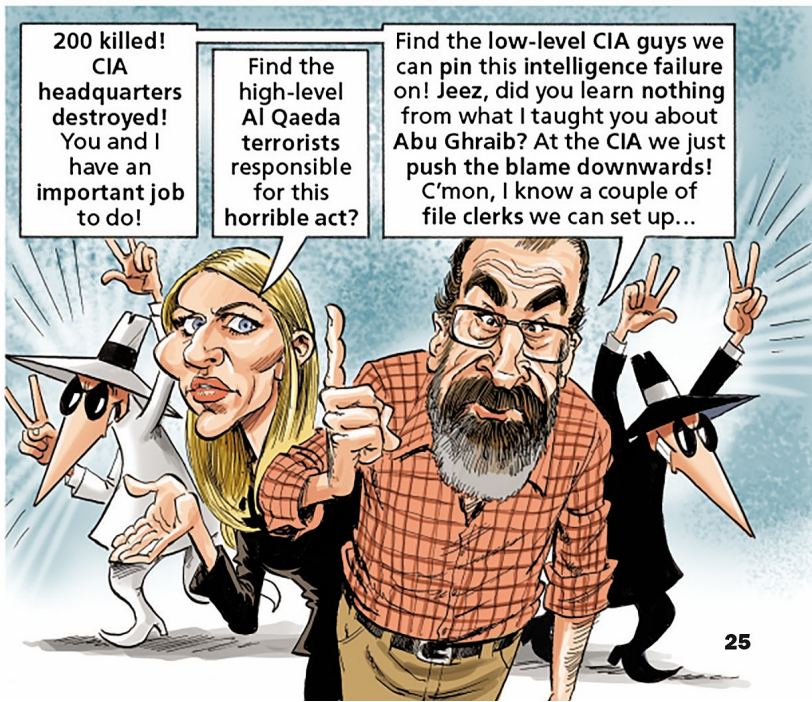

I found you, Aboob Brassiere! I KNEW the villain would be hiding in the old abandoned mill!
How'd you figure it out? Interrogating prisoners? Using advanced surveillance?
Watching *Scooby-Doo*!
POW


I can't believe we're giving a scumbag like Aboob Brassiere a respectful burial at sea!
We're not burying him at sea! We're dumping him on a stranded Carnival cruise ship! The smell of his decaying corpse oughta fit in nicely with the odor of backed-up toilets and rotting food!
DO NOT OPEN UNTIL RAMADAN


Vice-President Wal-Mart did not die in vain! He showed that national security is important! That we will stop at nothing to end terrorism! That any character on this show can get killed off without warn—


—ing!
KA-BOOM!

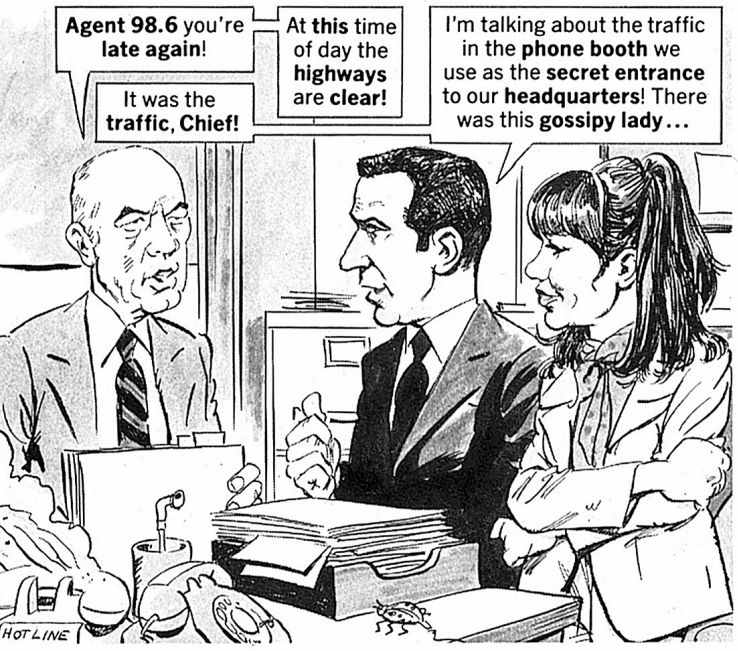

Now you're accused of blowing up CIA headquarters! But don't worry, I have a plan! You'll just live in Canada until I can clear your name!
Have you gone off your meds?! I'm a famous war hero and sitting congressman! They're showing my confession video on TV around the world 24/7! There's nowhere I can go where I won't be recognized!
I didn't say it was a GOOD plan!

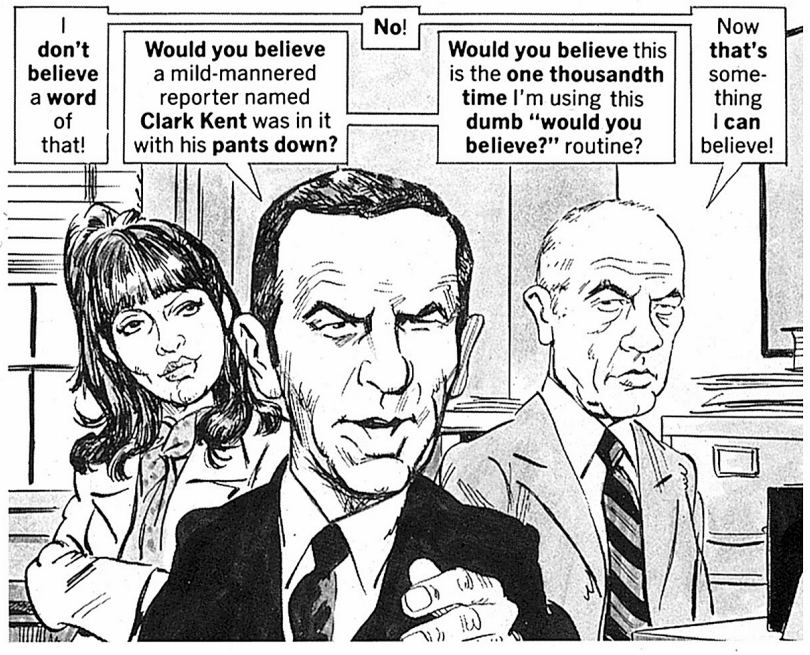

200 killed! CIA headquarters destroyed! You and I have an important job to do!
Find the high-level Al Qaeda terrorists responsible for this horrible act?
Find the low-level CIA guys we can pin this intelligence failure on! Jeez, did you learn nothing from what I taught you about Abu Ghraib? At the CIA we just push the blame downwards! C'mon, I know a couple of file clerks we can set up...

Try as you may, when it comes to the great spies of the past, it's an impossible mission to...

FORGET SMART

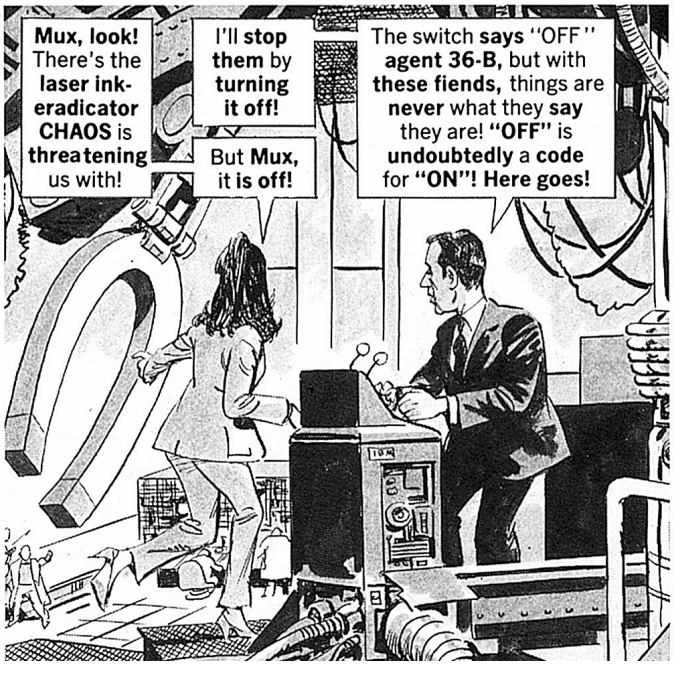






WRITER **DICK DEBARTOLO**







ARTIST **ANGELO TORRES**





ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #272, JUL 1987


SPY vs SPY
TIC TAC
TIC
TOP SECRET
TNT
BOOM
TOP SECRET
TOP SECRET
TOP SECRET
SAFE
TOP SECRET
TIC TOC
TIC TOC TIC
BLACK EMBASSY
MAIL
MATCHES
PING
PONG
WHITE EMBASSY
WRITER & ARTIST TOM BUNK
TOM BUNK
AMMUNITION
ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD PRESENTS SPY VS SPY JAN 2011

ALTHOUGH THE STARS KEEP CHANGING, "JAMES BOMB" MOVIES GO ON FOREVER! AND SO, MAD TURNS ITS

8 "JAMES BOMB

YES, NOSTALGIA FANS! REMEMBER YEARS AGO, WHEN THE "JAMES BOMB" MANIA FIRST SWEPT THE COUNTRY AND EVERYBODY WAS RUNNING TO SEE "DR. NO-NO"

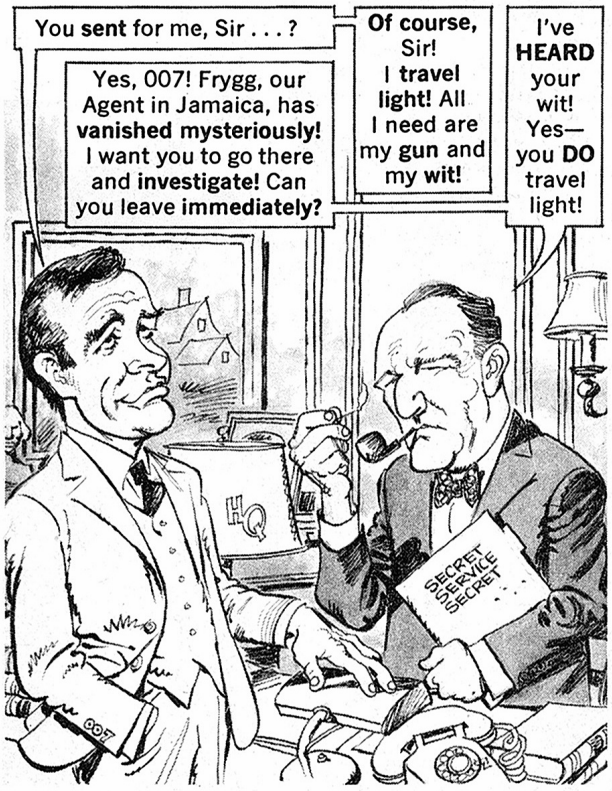


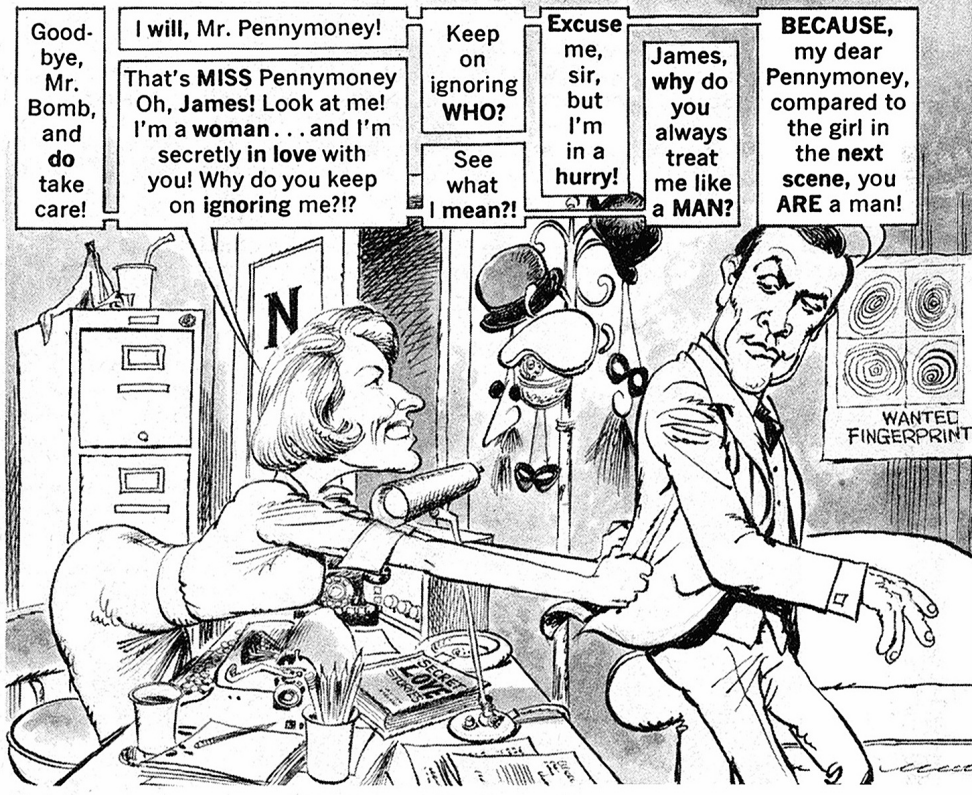
SATIRICAL SPOTLIGHT ON THIS BOX OFFICE PHENOMENON, AND BRINGS ITS READERS UP TO DATE ON . . .

"BOMB MOVIES

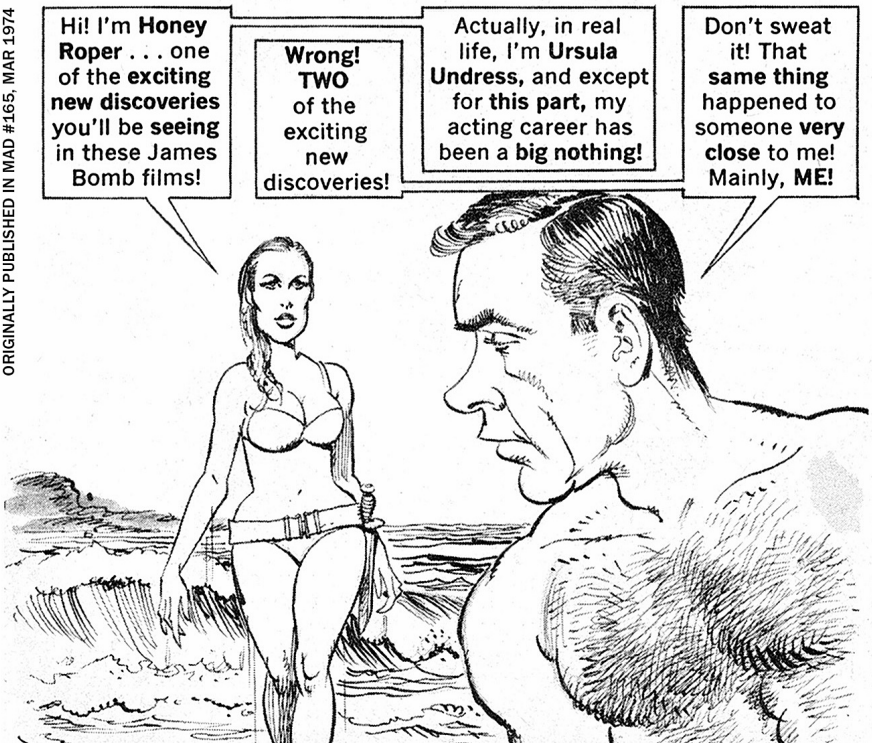
A MAD RETROSPECT...WITH NO RESPECT

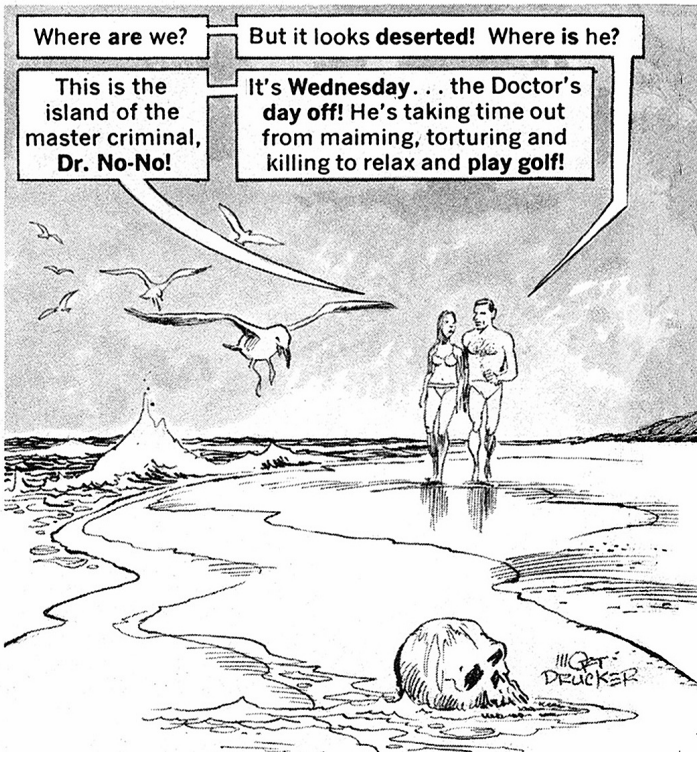
WRITER **ARNIE KOGEN** ARTIST **MORT DRUCKER**

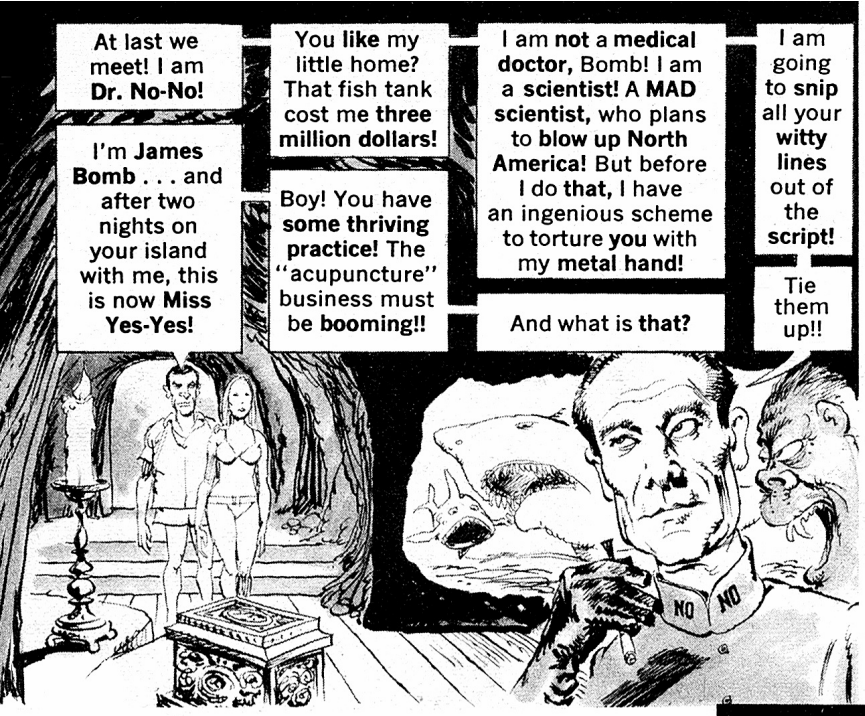


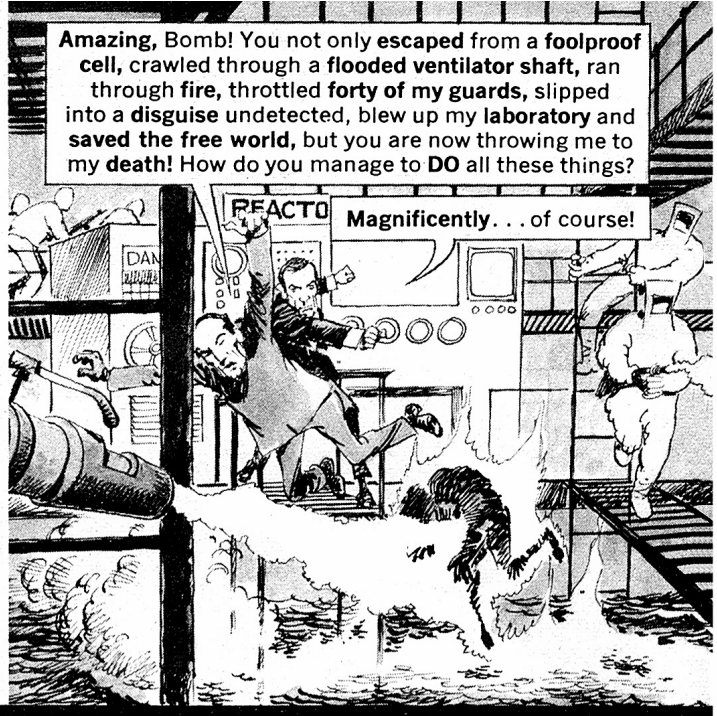


ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #165, MAR 1974



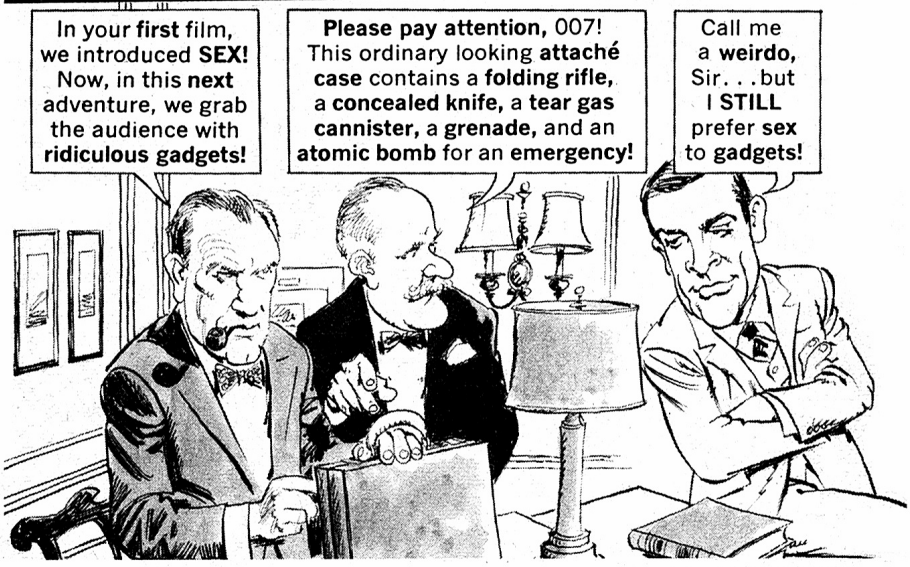


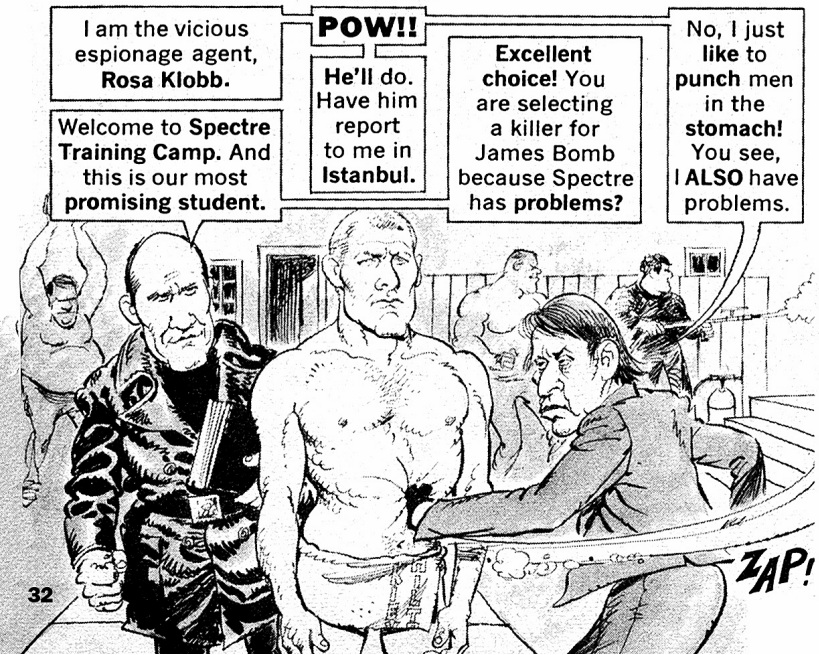


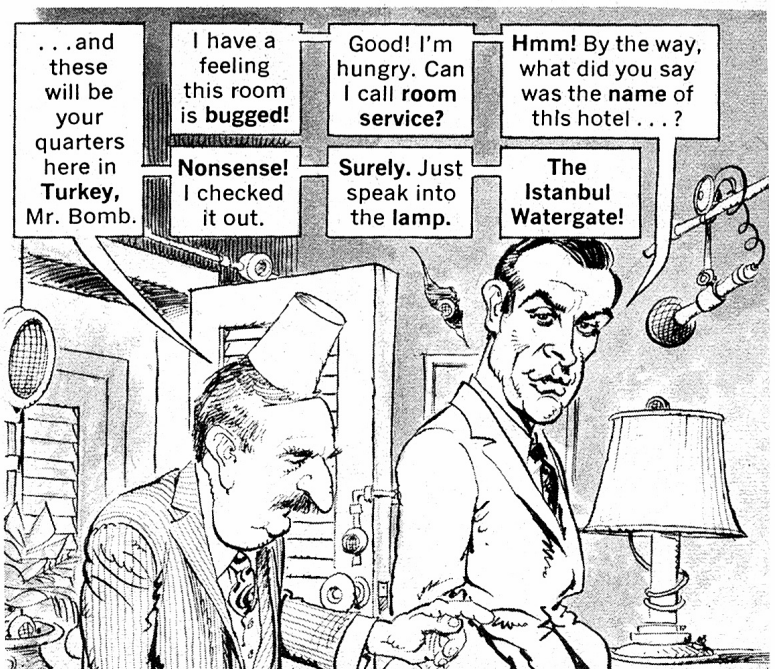


"FROM RUSSIA WITH LUNACY"









Bomb, I'm going to **strangle** you with the **wire device** encased in my **lethal wristwatch.**

Not before I kill you with my **exploding attaché case.**

In **that** case, I'll just **beat** you to death with my **fists!**

FISTS?!? What **are** you . . . some kind of **sickie??**

You've destroyed all my **underlings,** Bomb! So now you force me to kill you **myself** with my **poisoned spiked shoe.**

It **won't work!** I'm wearing my **arsenic-tipped golashes** to **counteract** it!

You're **too clever** for me, Bomb!

For **YOU, maybe!** But get a load of the **fat, shrewd villain** in my **next** movie, called—

"GOLDFINGERBOWL"

Mr. Goldfingerbowl, this is **James Bomb.** I'm afraid your sexy blonde **spotter** finds me **irresistible,** so you'll have to find **another** way to cheat at cards! She's taking the rest of the day off.

But before I go, here's your **last tip.** Play the **queen** and knock with **seven.**

You shouldn't have **done** that! Goldfingerbowl **hates kibitzing** . . . and he has a **ferocious temper!**

Don't be silly. I'm **James Bomb!** What could he **possibly** do to **me!?**

SEE...

To **ME, nothing!**

To **YOU, plenty!!**

Oddblob, **tip your hat** to Mr. Bomb.

This is my fanatic manservant, **Oddblob.**

AMAZING! He's the **Sandy Koufax** of the **derbies!**

That's **nothing.** When he **really** gets angry, you should see the terrible things he does with his **UNDERWEAR!**

I hate to **do** this, chum, but—**'bye!**

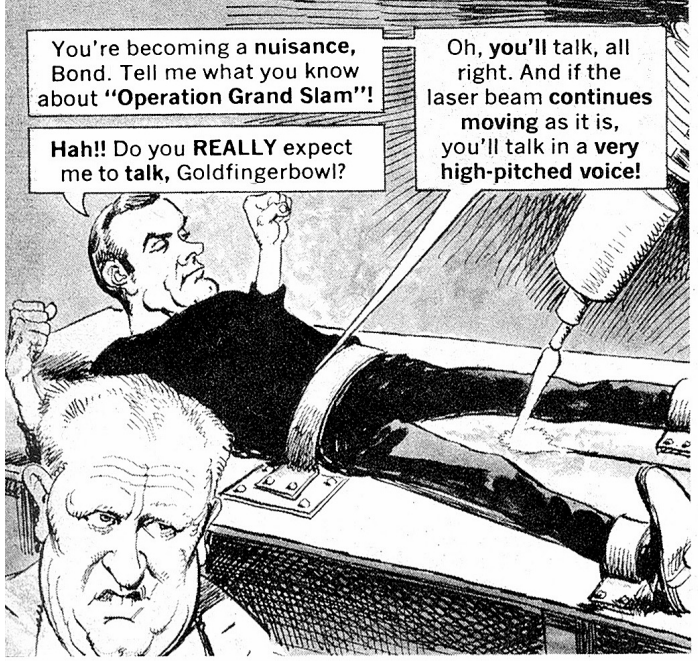
What **gadgets** on this Aston Martin! The **smoke screen,** the **oil slick,** the **twin machine guns** . . . and now **THIS**—the **ejector seat!** Too bad the heap only gets **six miles** to the **gallon!**

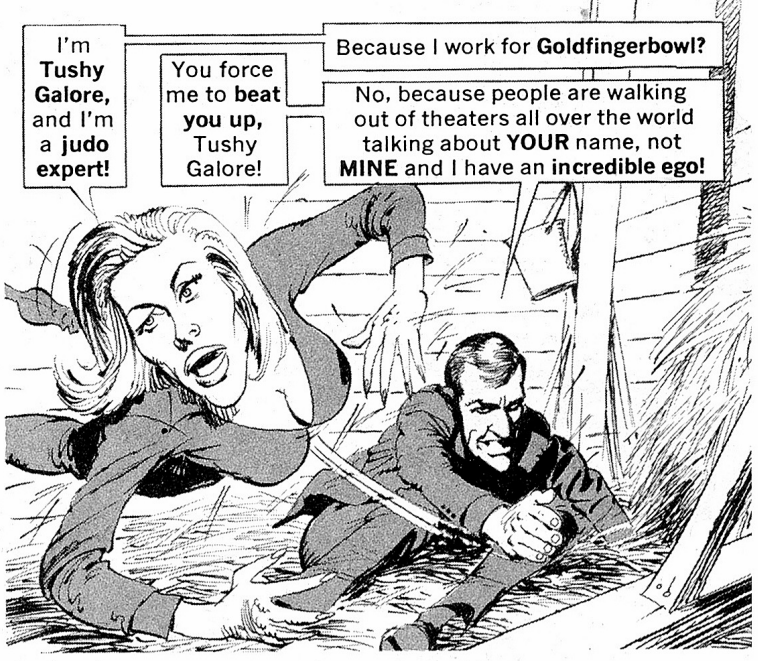
I could have **helped** you on that, Bomb! Now you and your kind will live to **regret** this!

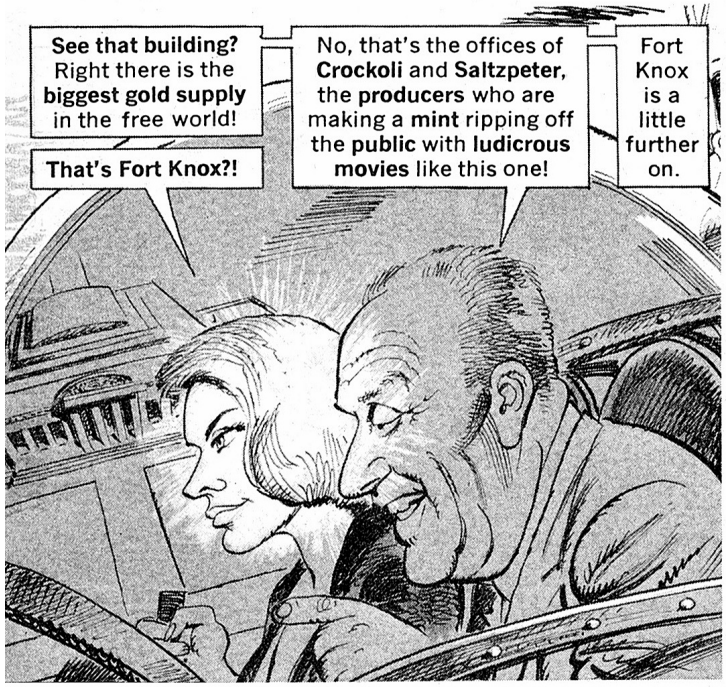
Why? You're only one of Goldfinger-bowl's **thugs!**

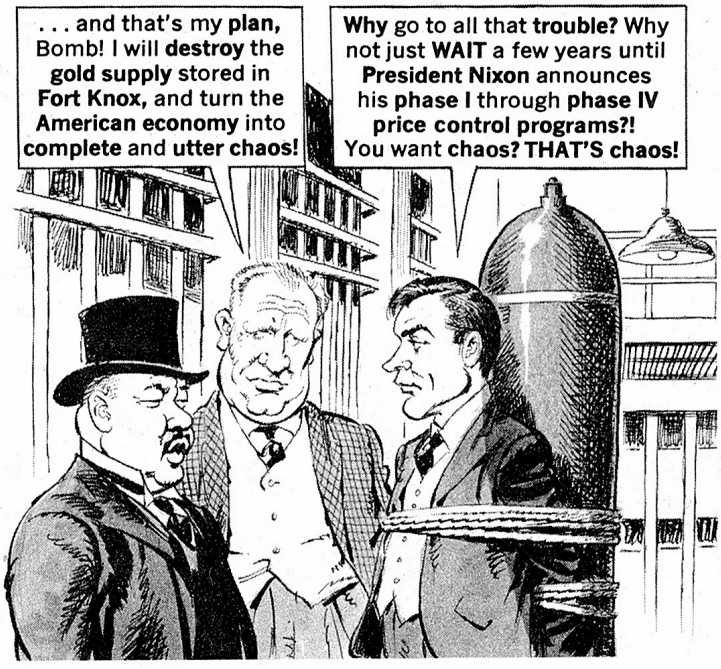
No . . . I'm **Ralph Nader!**

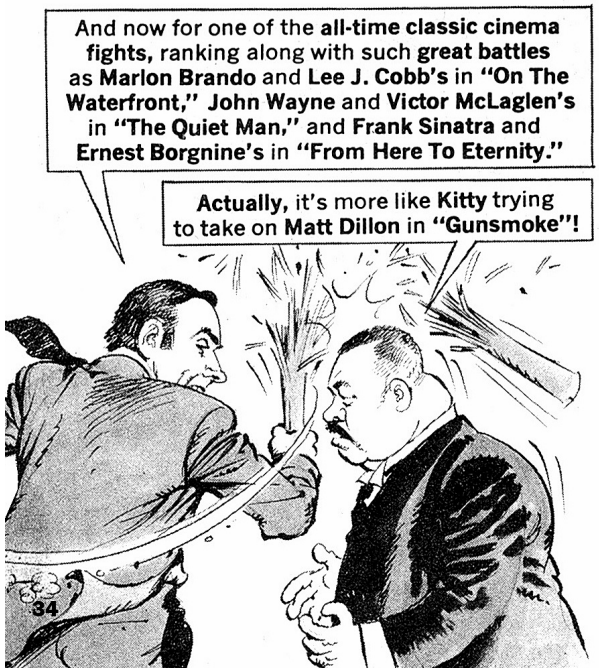
PIFFT!

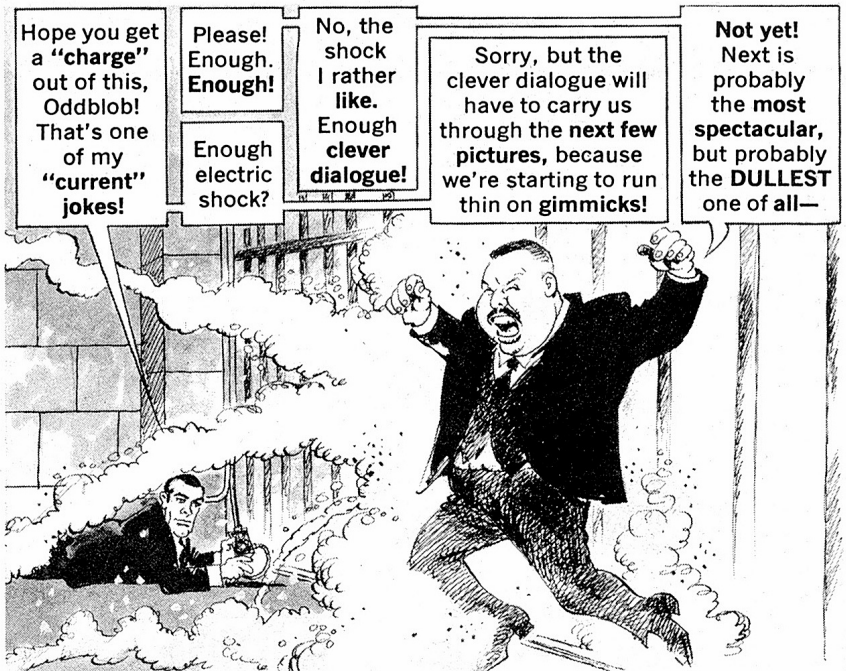

You're becoming a **nuisance,** Bond. Tell me what you know about **"Operation Grand Slam"!**
Hah!! Do you **REALLY** expect me to **talk,** Goldfingerbowl?
Oh, **you'll** talk, all right. And if the laser beam **continues moving** as it is, you'll talk in a **very high-pitched voice!**


I'm **Tushy Galore,** and I'm a **judo expert!**
You force me to **beat you up,** Tushy Galore!
Because I work for **Goldfingerbowl?**
No, because people are walking out of theaters all over the world talking about **YOUR** name, not **MINE** and I have an **incredible ego!**


See that building? Right there is the **biggest gold supply** in the free world!
That's Fort Knox?!
No, that's the offices of **Crockoli** and **Saltzpeter,** the **producers** who are making a **mint** ripping off the **public** with **ludicrous movies** like this one!
Fort Knox is a little further on.

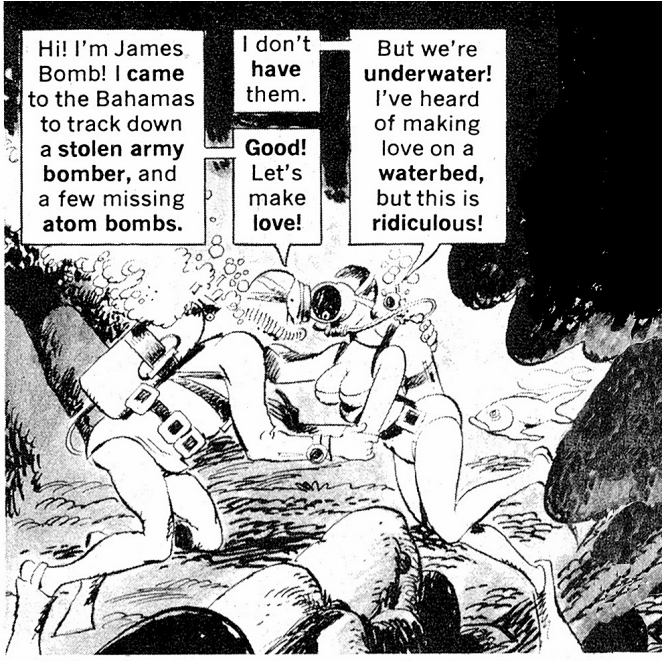

. . . and that's my **plan,** Bomb! I will **destroy** the **gold supply** stored in **Fort Knox,** and turn the **American economy** into **complete** and **utter chaos!**
Why go to all that **trouble?** Why not just **WAIT** a few years until **President Nixon** announces his **phase I** through **phase IV price control programs?!** You want **chaos? THAT'S chaos!**

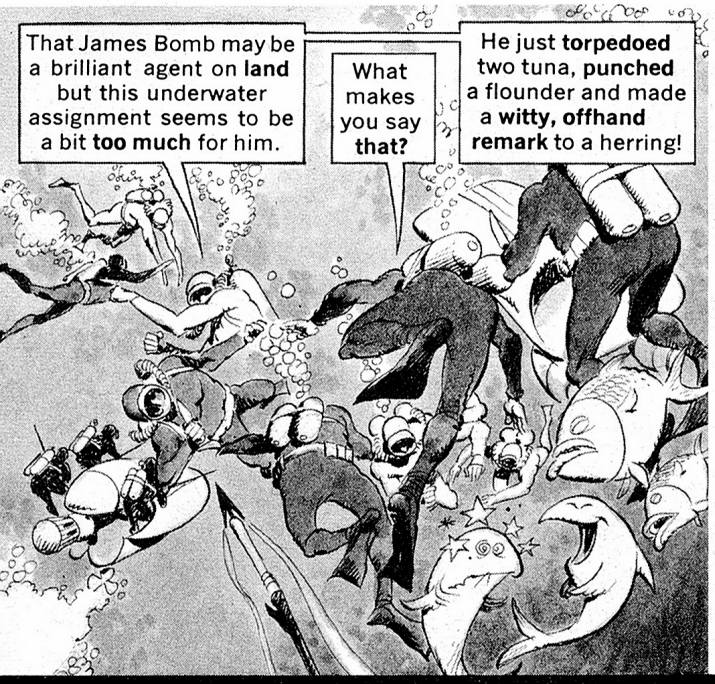

And now for one of the **all-time classic cinema fights,** ranking along with such **great battles** as **Marlon Brando** and **Lee J. Cobb's** in **"On The Waterfront," John Wayne** and **Victor McLaglen's** in **"The Quiet Man,"** and **Frank Sinatra** and **Ernest Borgnine's** in **"From Here To Eternity."**
Actually, it's more like **Kitty** trying to take on **Matt Dillon** in **"Gunsmoke"!**

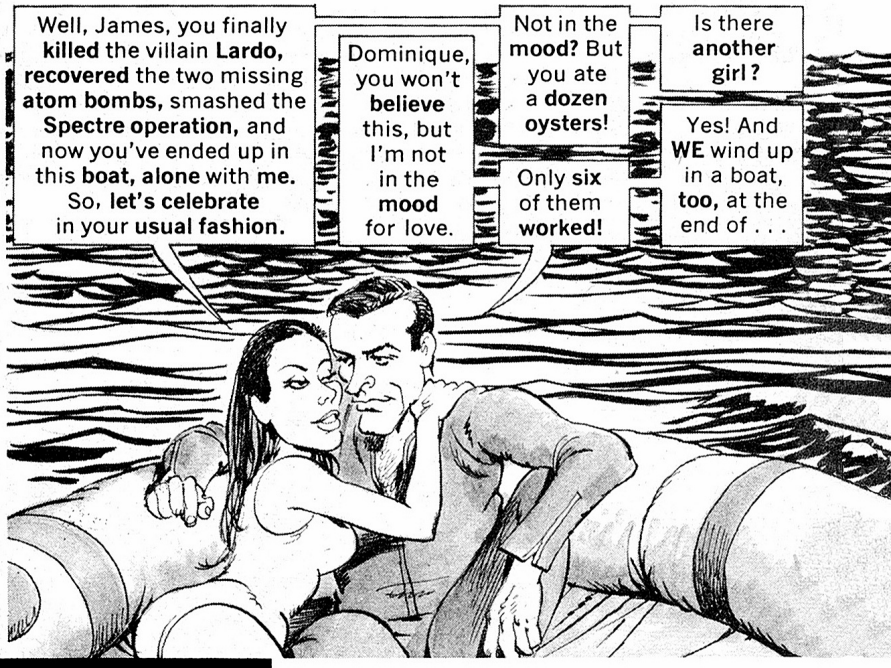

Hope you get a **"charge"** out of this, Oddblob! That's one of my **"current" jokes!**
Please! Enough. **Enough!**
Enough electric shock?
No, the shock I rather **like.** Enough **clever dialogue!**
Sorry, but the clever dialogue will have to carry us through the **next few pictures,** because we're starting to run thin on **gimmicks!**
Not yet! Next is probably the **most spectacular,** but probably the **DULLEST** one of **all—**

"THUNDEBLAHH"

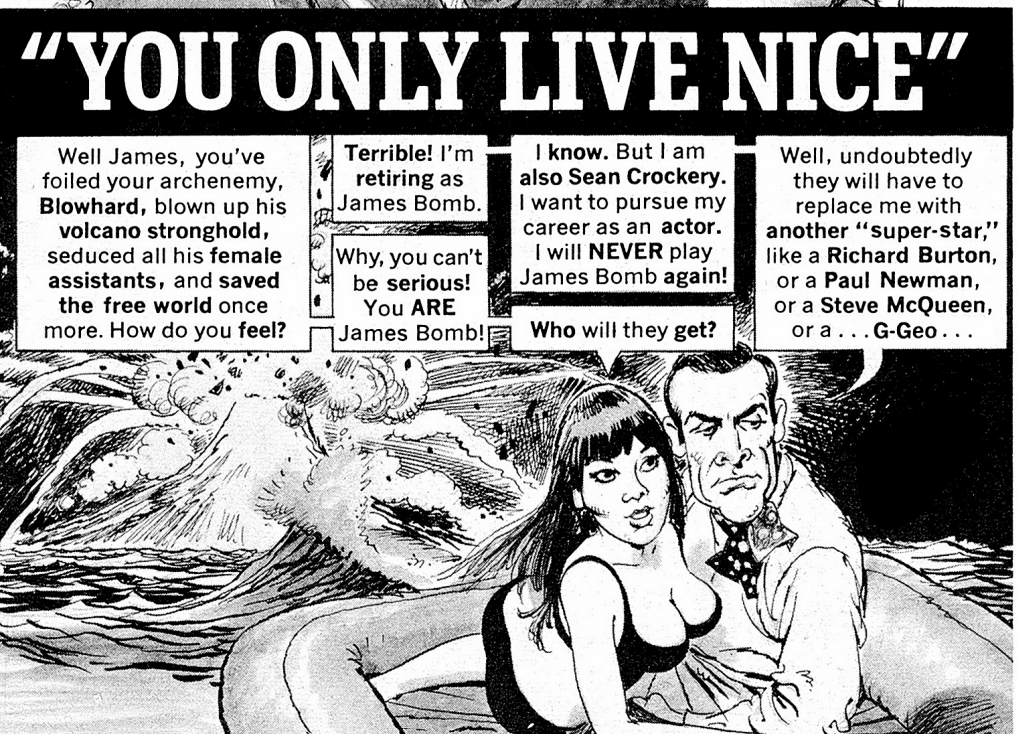


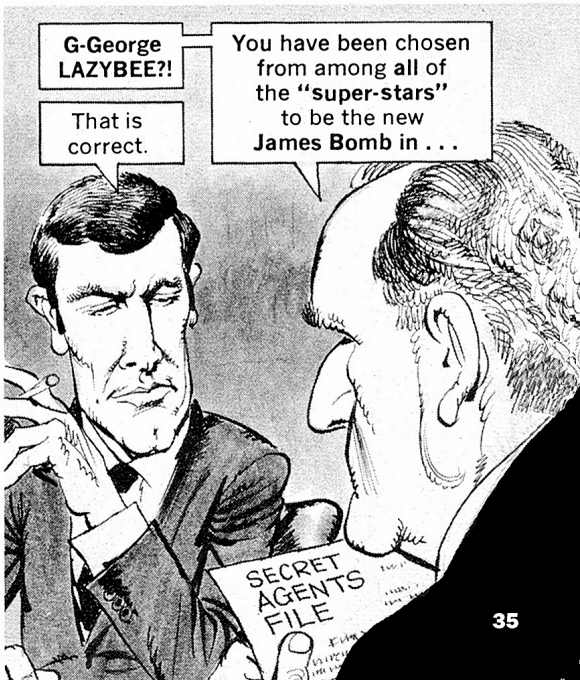




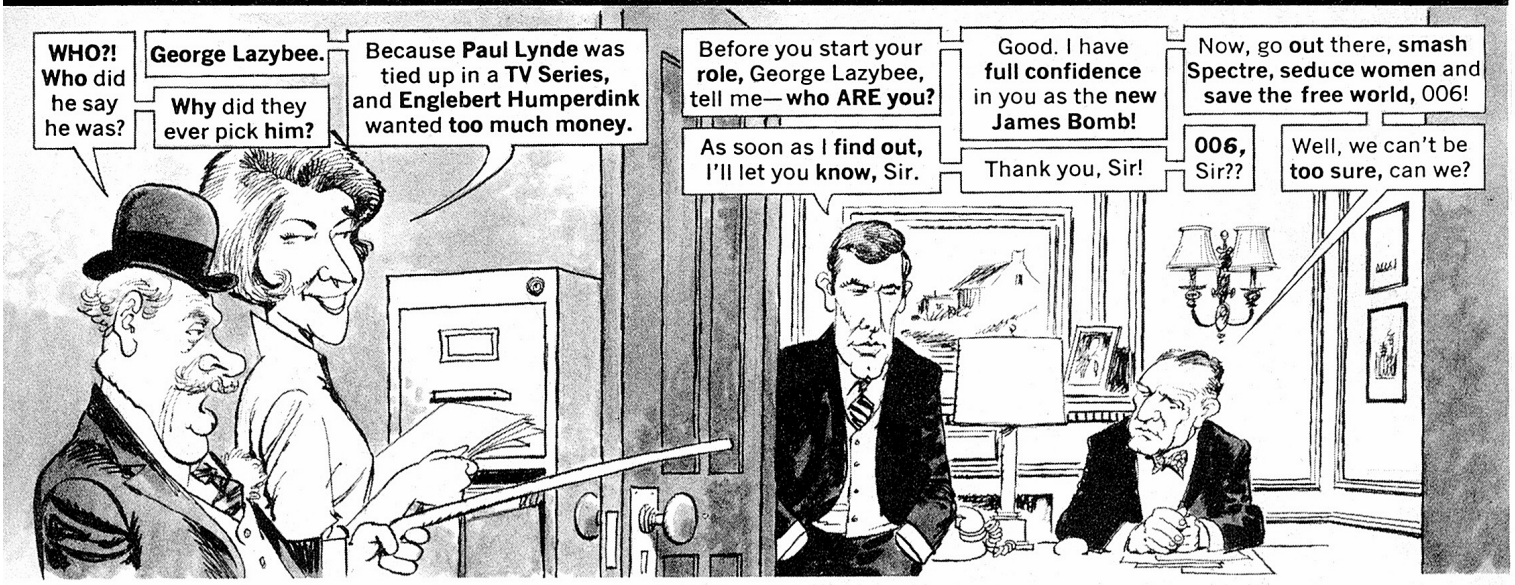


"YOU ONLY LIVE NICE"



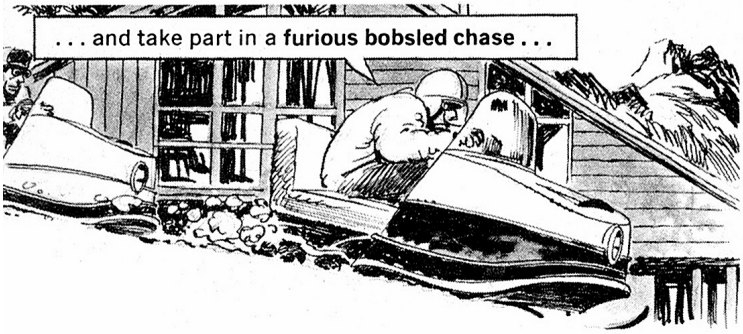


"ON HIS MAJESTY'S SECRET SHAMUS"

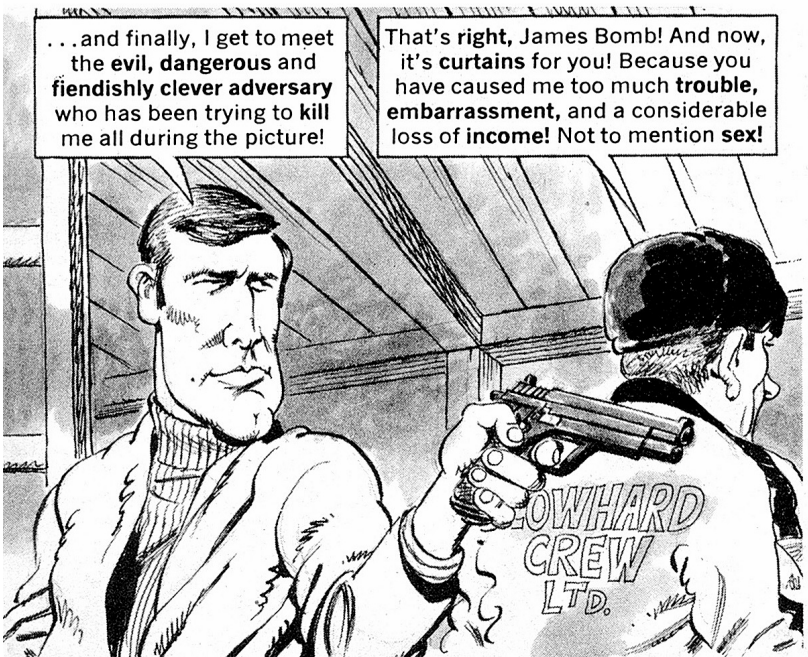


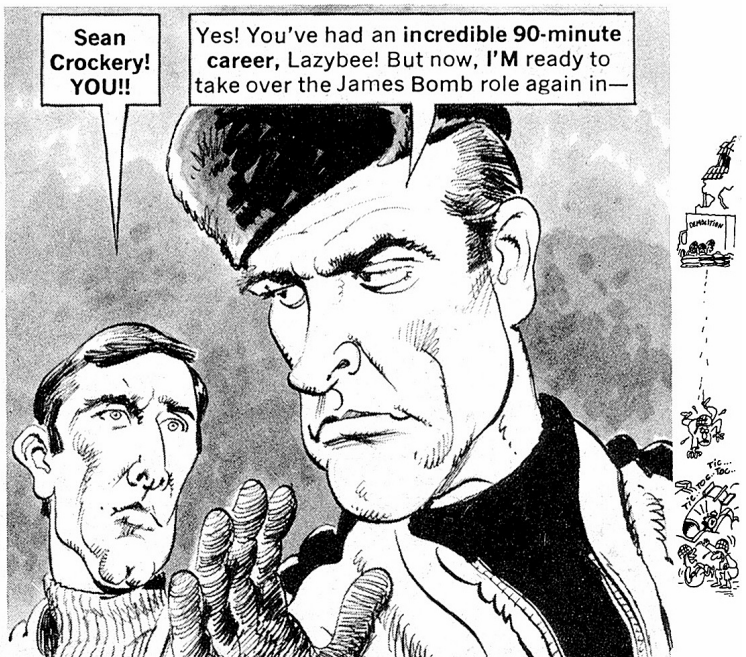




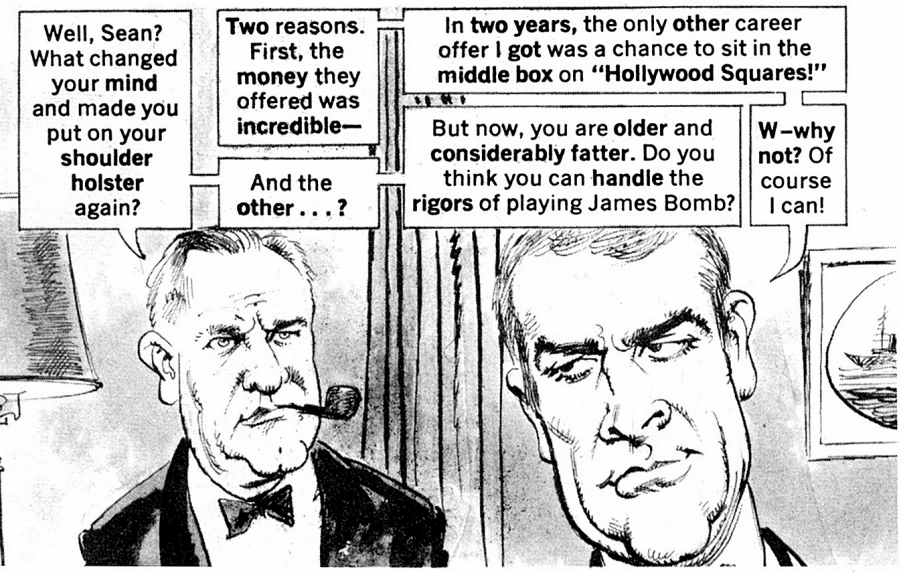


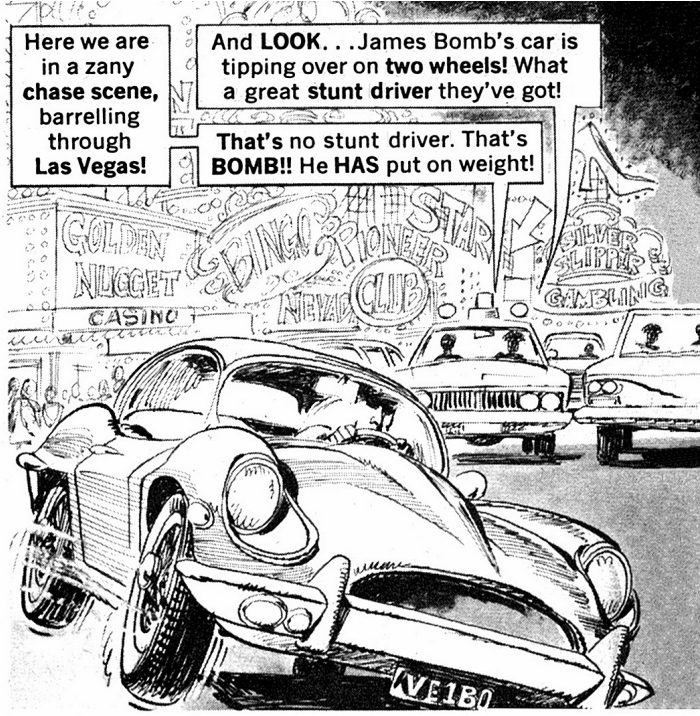




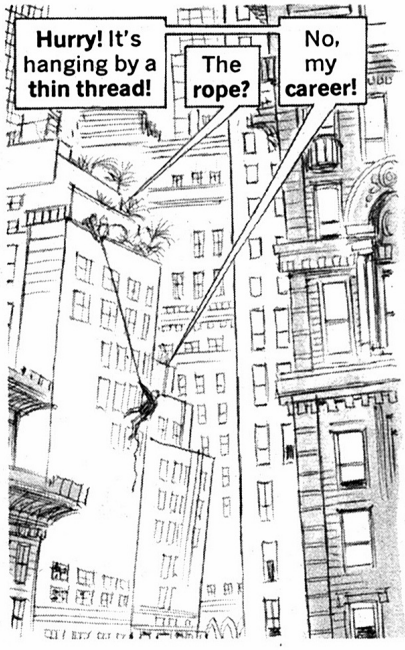


"DOLLARS ARE FOREVER"



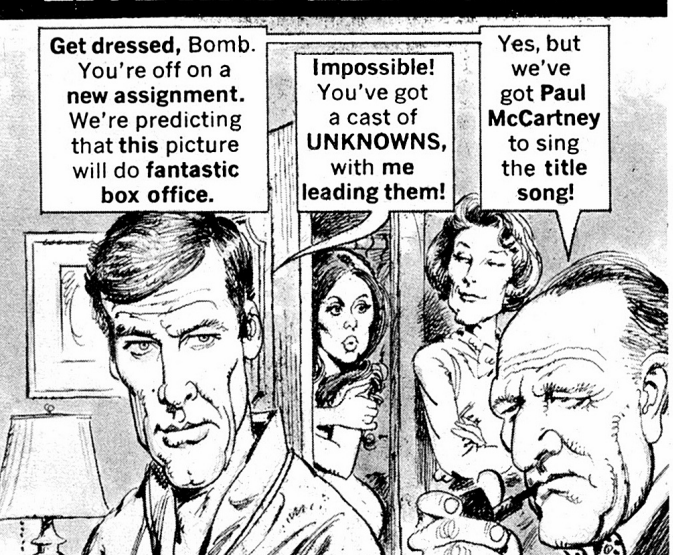








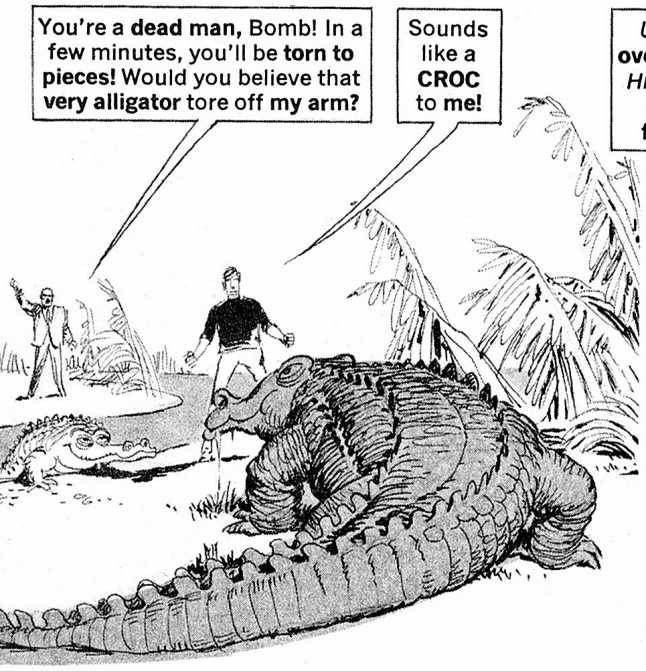
"LIVE AND LET SUFFER"





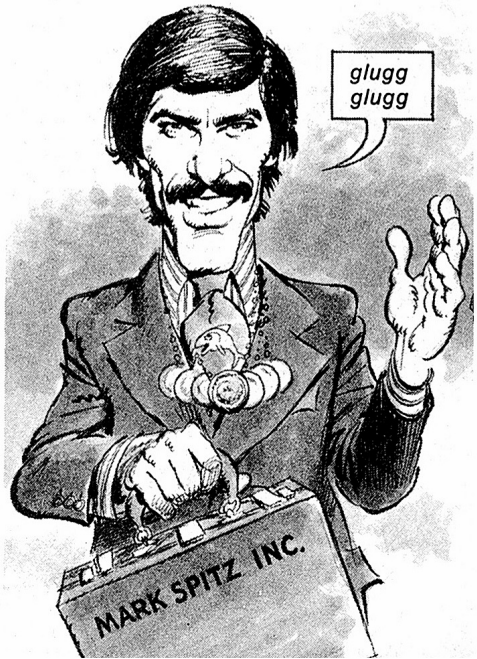

I guess it wasn't **funky** enough!


What do the **tarot cards** tell you about him, Canasta?
Groovy! What **else** do they tell you?
I think we're in **big trouble.** We'd better **blow** Harlem and return to the **Caribbean!**
The cards tell me that he will cause you **no problems.**
They tell me that **President Nixon** did not know about **Watergate,** that there is **no mafia,** that **Howard Cosell** is **modest** and that **Totie Fields** will be the **next Miss America!**


You're a **dead man,** Bomb! In a few minutes, you'll be **torn to pieces!** Would you believe that **very alligator** tore off **my arm?**
Sounds like a **CROC** to **me!**


Uggh! Oooff! You've **overpowered** me, Bomb! *Hmpf!* **Good spy** beats up **bad spy** in a 007 **film?** What a **cliché!**
It's a form of **sweet revenge!**
For the **secret agents** we **killed?** For subjecting your **girlfriend** to the pain of **voodoo torture?**
No, for the **box office success** of **good movies** like **"Scorpio"!**


Roger Morbid, you've done **well** in the role of James Bomb.
You've done **so** well, you're going to be in the **next** James Bomb film, **"The Man with the Golden Gum."**
And after that, we're going to do a version of James Bomb's great **UNDERWATER adventure, "For Fish Eyes Only"!**
No, I'm **afraid not.** You'll be **too old** and **too fat** by then. We're bringing in a **NEW young star!** One with the **acting talent necessary** for the role.
Thank you, Sir.
Why, **thank** you, Sir.
With **ME,** of course!


glugg glugg
MARK SPITZ INC.

A MAD peek behind the scenes at the making of...

AUSTIN POWERS THE SPY WHO SHAGGED ME



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #386, OCT 1999

WRITER **DICK DEBARTOLO** ARTIST **RAY ALMA**


I'm concerned about this part of the script, Mike! Do you realize there are four scatological jokes in three minutes?
Oh, that's an old draft of the script! I've already taken care of that! The revised version has SIX scatological jokes in three minutes!
Mike, you are a comedy genius!
Elizabeth Hurley was in the original Austin Powers, so how come Mike Myers hired Heather Graham for the sequel?
If you were married and had the chance to romp around naked with someone new and call it "business," wouldn't you?
MIKE MYERS
ENTER VANESSA: "BYE." EXIT RIGHT.
BABY BACK RIBS
All through this movie they talk about shagging! What exactly IS shagging?!
How the shag should I know?!
Hey! We're shooting a movie here! Shut the shag up!
Shag you, you shaggin' moron!
SHAG CARPET
BOOM MIKE
.30 AMMO
CAMERA 1
ASSISTANT TO MR. BIGGLES
BIGGLESWORTH'S
I think Rob Lowe does an incredible impression of a young Robert Wagner!
I agree! But the guy playing the old Robert Wagner sucks!
#1 #2
#2 #2
I think Dr. Evil and Mini-Me is the oddest pairing I've ever seen!
Wait till you see the scene with Burt Bachrach and Elvis Costello!
Buffy
DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY MAX KORN


I have to get in bed with that thing and make love to it!
My God, how do you prepare for something like that?!
I pretend I have to choose between making love to him or dealing with a bunch of lawyers!
Jerry Springer must have rehearsed a lot to make this fake fight scene look so realistic.
Actually, he didn't rehearse at all. He's staged so many fake fights for his TV show, faking one for the big screen is no problem!
DAILIES
Do you have the precise order of how you want these scenes to run?!
On this film it doesn't matter! Just splice strips of film together and stop when you hit 90 minutes!
This prop really does work!
Check the instruction book again! And pay close attention to the picture of what part of the anatomy it's used for.
PROPS (AND MERCHANDISING TIE-INS)
LASER
MILK
FRICKIN'
AUSTIN'S BAG (BABY)
FAT BASTARD STOOL SAMPLE
EVIL
SCOOBY SNACKS
I'm sorry, but I don't know who you are. Now please get off the lot!
Mike Myers must get a lot of strangers pestering him.
He does! Unfortunately, that man was Dana Carvey!
I'M WORTHY!
TORONTO MAPLE LEAFS
SECURITY
NEW LINE
WAYNE'S WORLD III

Movies are expensive. The tickets cost a bundle. And hoo boy, what about the pri
figures if you bring a date (although, if you're reading MAD, that's probably not an
Which is why, as a service to our loyal readers, we want to help you make an informe
read...

MAD'S THUMBS UP/ WHY YOU SHOULD



AUSTIN POWERS IN



You haven't seen the trailer and therefore haven't yet seen the only two funny scenes in the film.



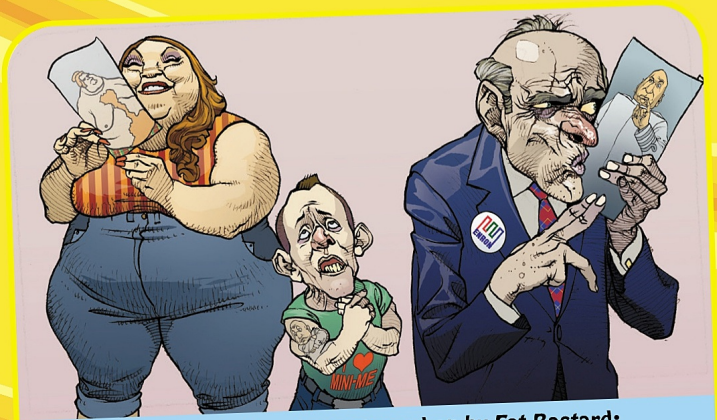
You're a poorly dressed, braces-wearing nerd who wants to see someone even more awkward than yourself getting laid.



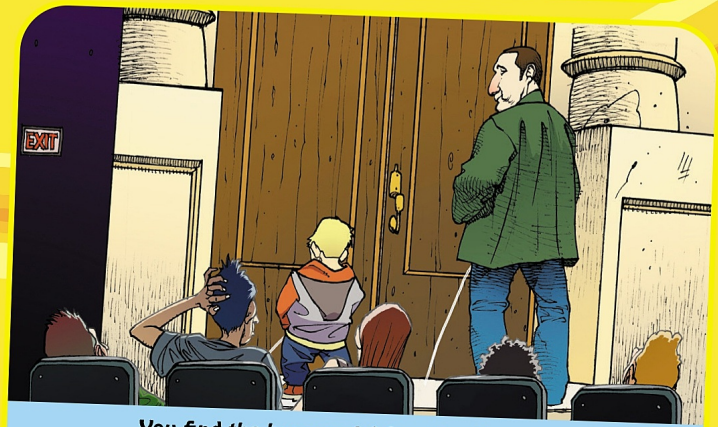
Since Bush became President, it's comforting to believe that a clueless dimwit can indeed save the world from evil.



Seeing all the freaky characters in the movie is a nice consolation if you weren't invited to Liza Minelli's wedding.



You're a chubby chaser turned on by Fat Bastard; a little person devotee turned on my Mini-Me; or an Enron executive turned on by Dr. Evil.



You find the humor of Adam Sandler movies to be a little too complex and refined.

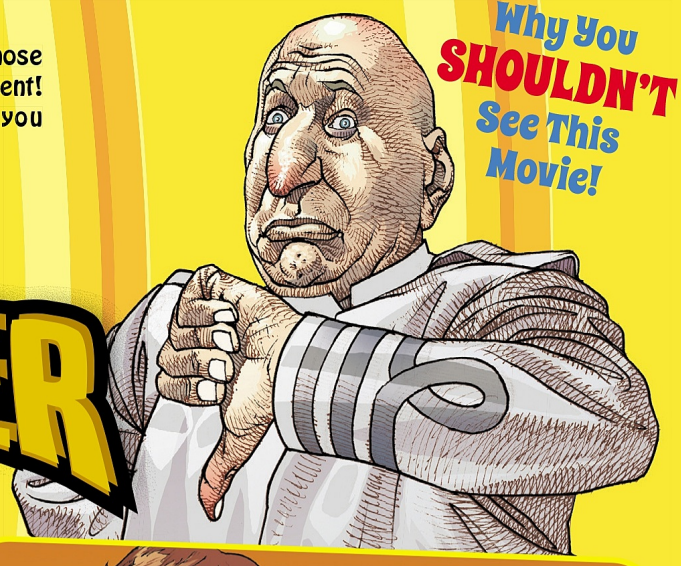
ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #421, SEP 2002

ce of popcorn?! (How come stand-up comics never talk about that?) Double those issue)! Still, with so much riding on a night out, it's nice if the movie is actually decent! d choice, a competent pick, an un-sucky selection! You'll be able to do that after you

THUMBS DOWN REVIEW OR SHOULDN'T SEE...

GOLDMEMBER

WRITER **BARRY LIEBMANN**
ARTIST **HERMANN MEJIA**





You realize you can rent the last two Austin Powers movies and pretend you're seeing this one.



The sight of Mike Myers' fake chest hair reminds you of Robin Williams (and his much better Sean Connery impersonation).



The comedic love scenes between Mike Myers and Beyoncé Knowles aren't half as funny as the serious ones between Natalie Portman and Hayden Christensen in *Star Wars Episode II: Attack of the Clones.*



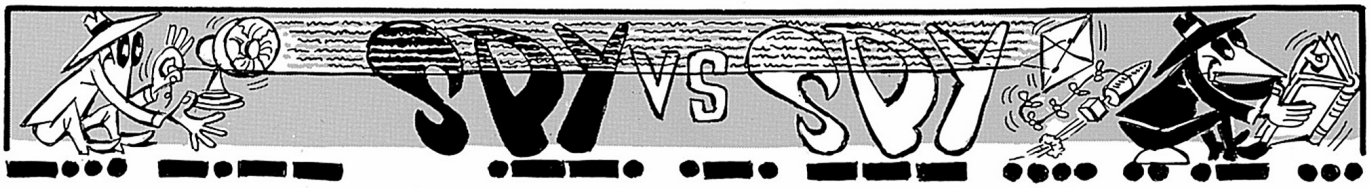
If you see it and contribute to it becoming a box office smash, you'll only be encouraging more losers to do grating Austin Powers impressions, incessantly parroting "Yeah, baby!" and "Do I make you horny?" every chance they get.

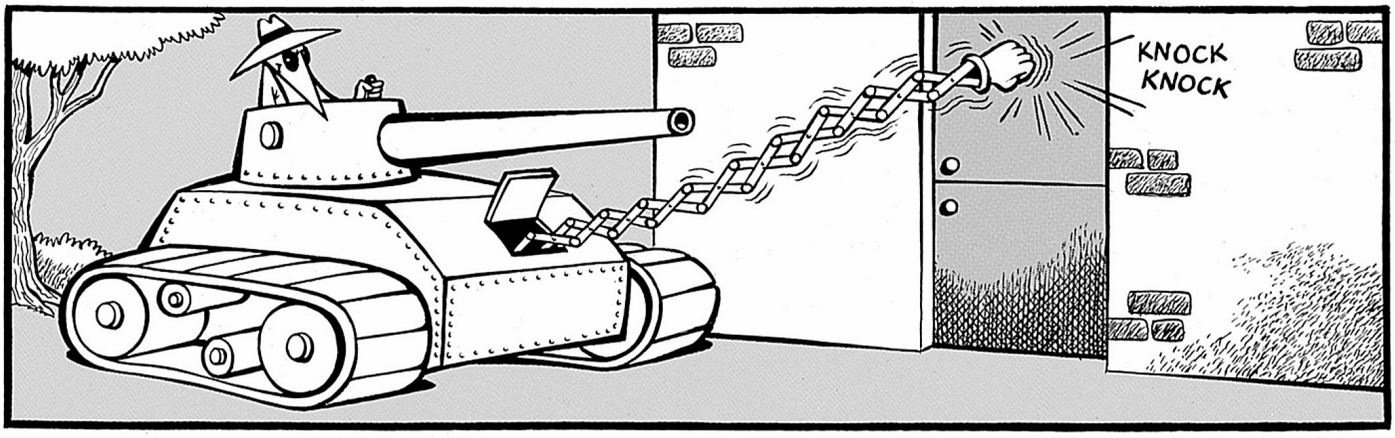


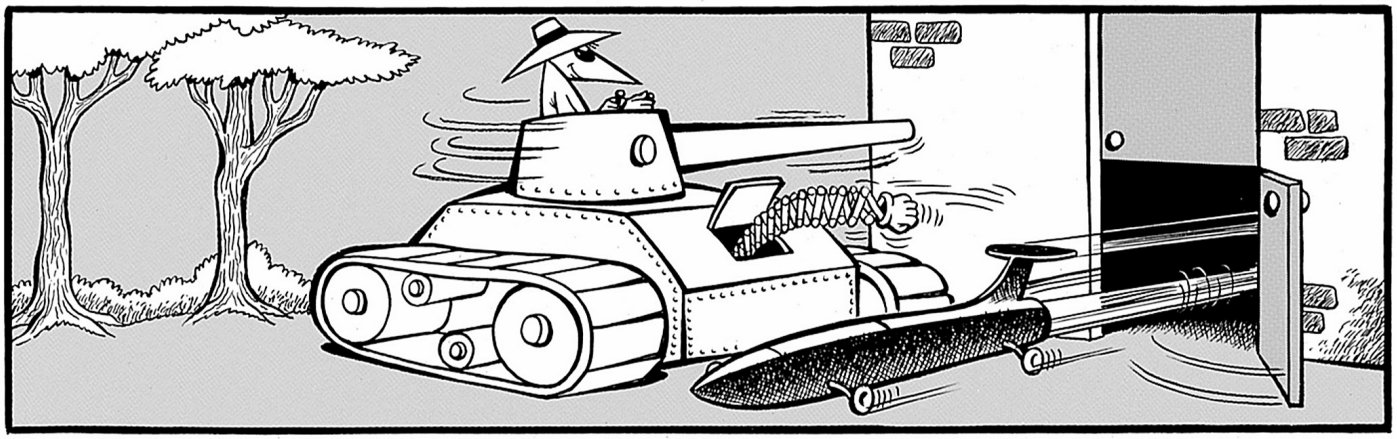
If you really want to see a stammering, snaggle-toothed Englishman clumsily hit on women, you can just see the Hugh Grant movie in the next theater.

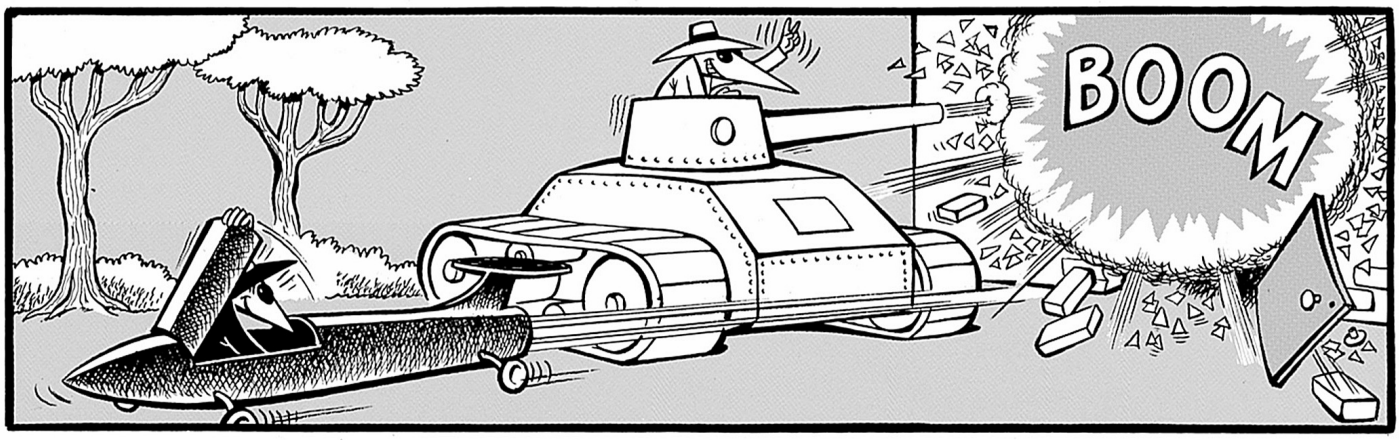


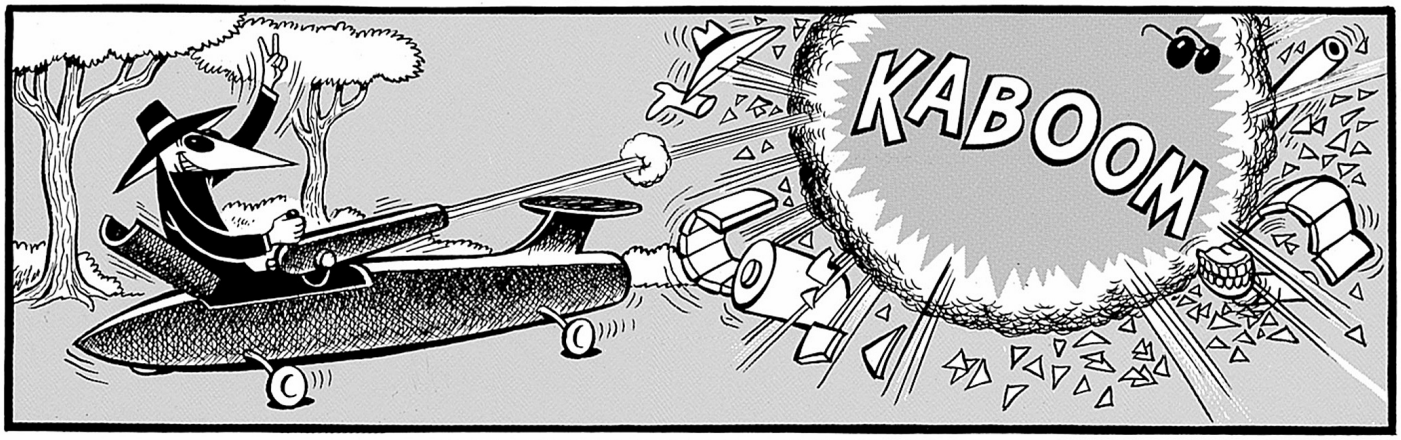
If this film is a success, it might make movie execs think that there's a market for *So I Married Another Axe Murderer.*







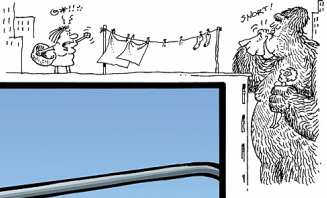


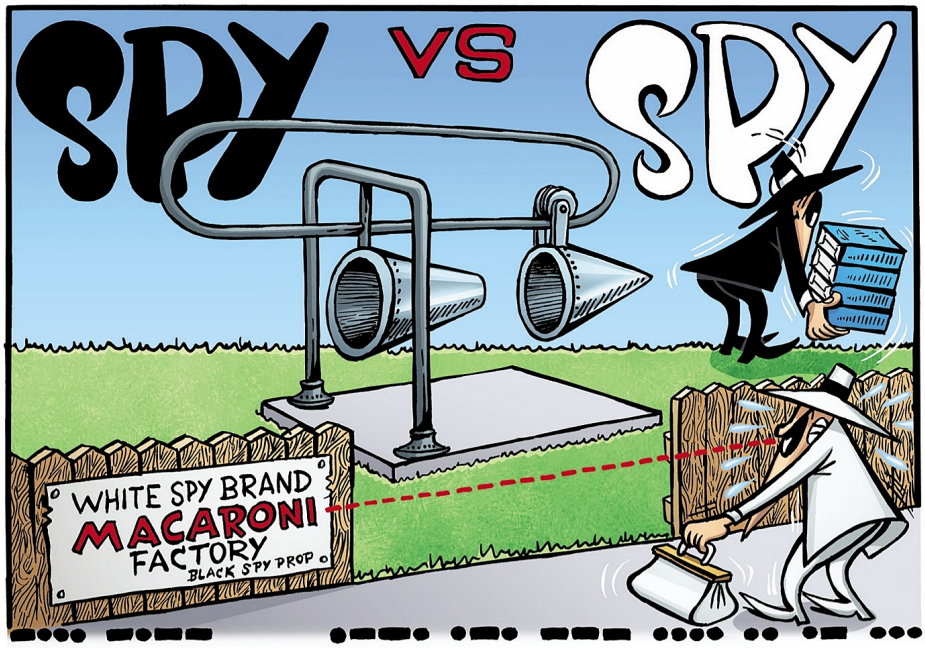


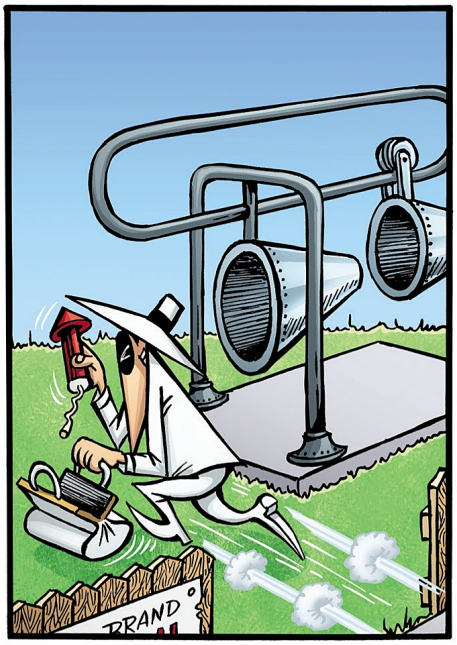


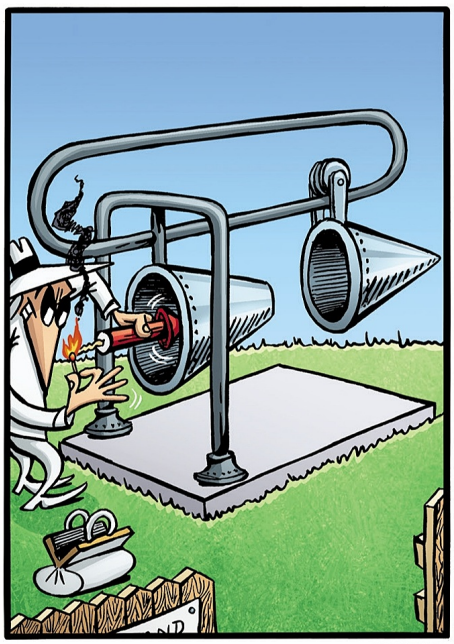
ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #268, JAN 1987

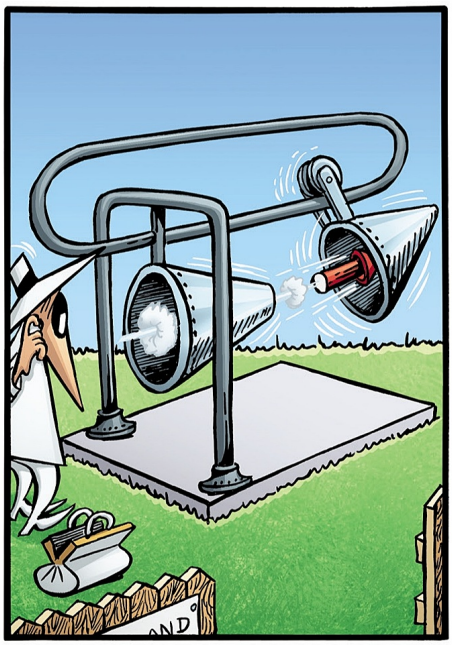
WRITER **DON "DUCK" EDWING** ARTIST **BOB CLARKE**

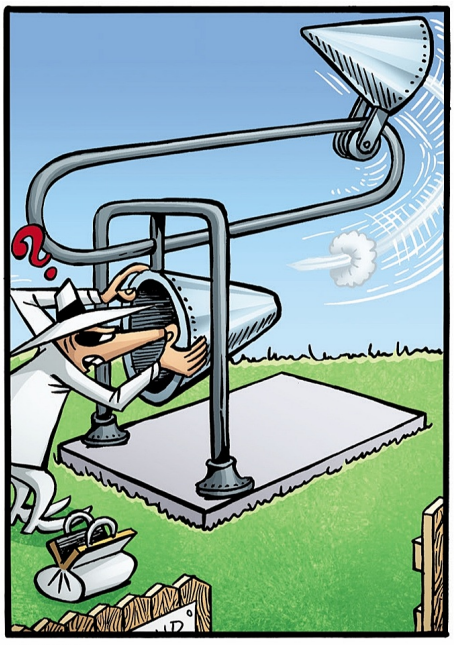




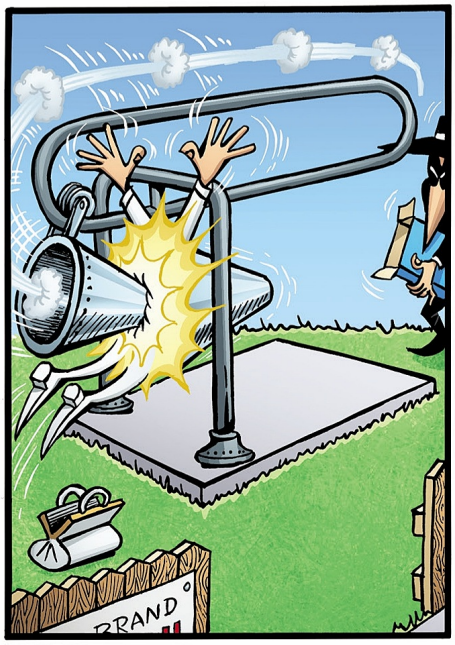


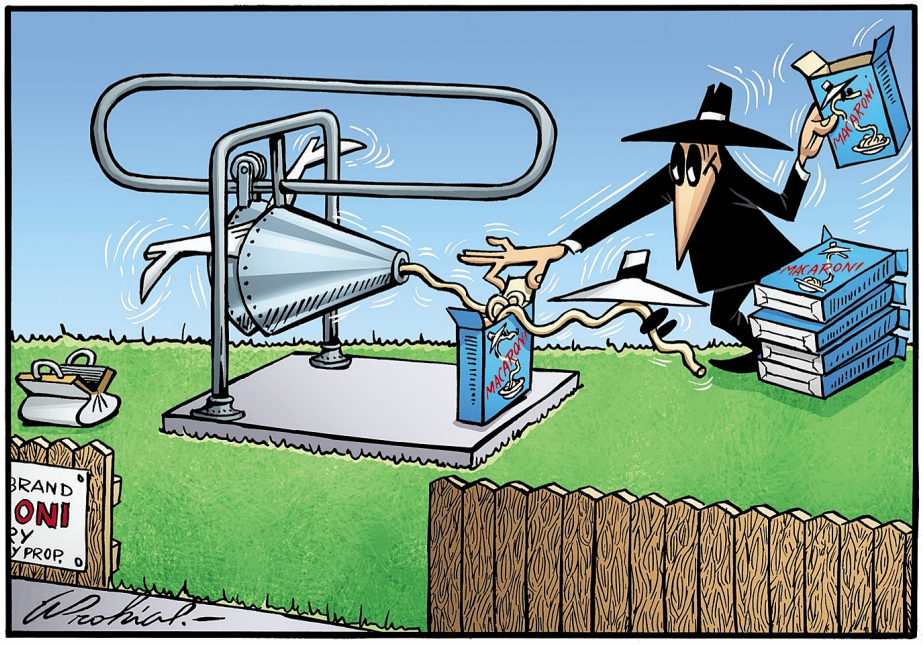






WRITER & ARTIST **ANTONIO PROHIAS** COLORIST **CARRIE STRACHAN**





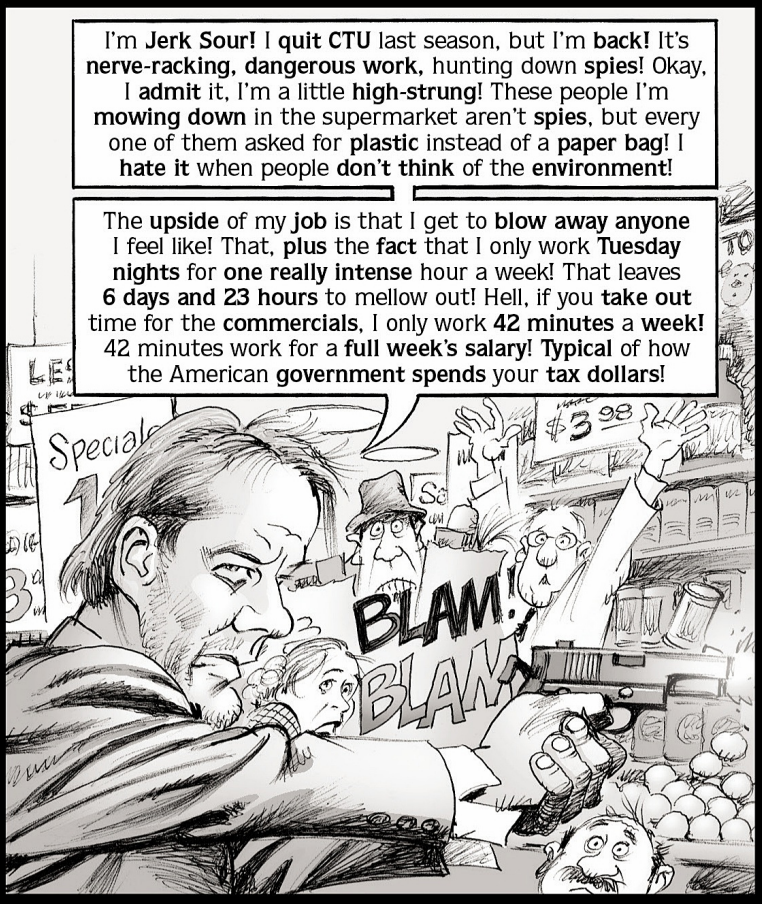
ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #153, SEP 1972

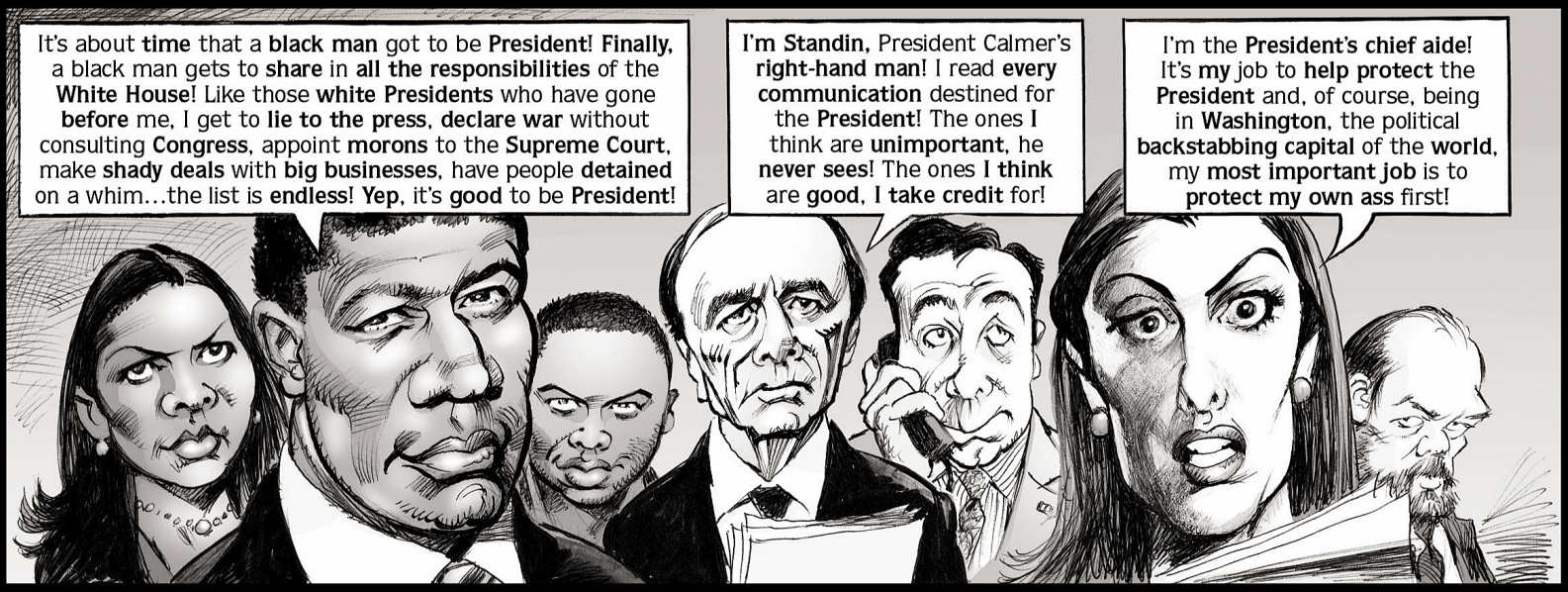
HOUR GANG DEPT.

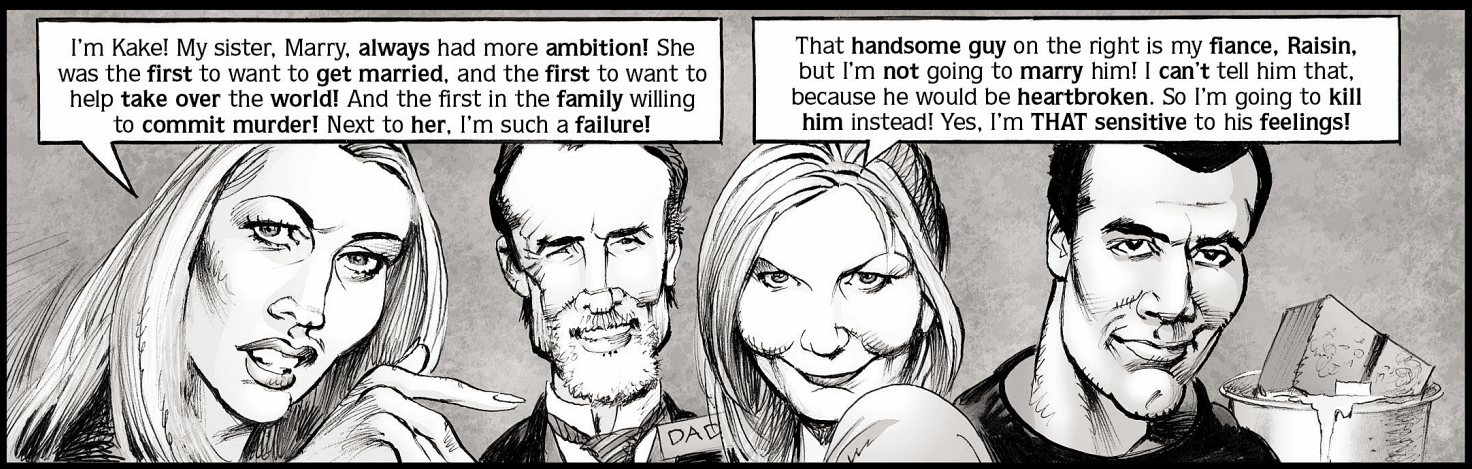
What a great idea! A TV show that covers just 24 hours of a single day. Each week fans see just one hour of the 24! Millions tune in! They're confronted by a huge cast! Multiple plots! Multiple sub-plots! Multiple images! Quick cuts! Five scenes jammed onto the small TV screen at the same time! Characters that look so much like each other, you don't know who's who! As the weeks go by, the audience gives up trying to figure out what the hell is going on, and for the final episode, how many people are actually still watching?

24 VIEWERS

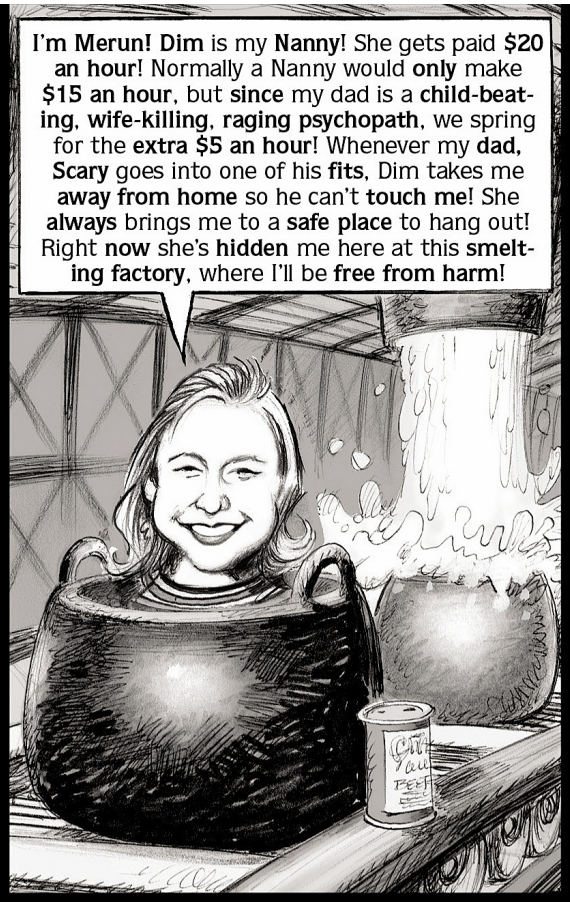
The following takes place between 8 a.m. and 9 a.m. PST or 9 a.m. and 10 a.m. MTN...or 10 a.m. and 11 a.m. CST...or 11 a.m. to noon EST. Overseas viewers — you're on your own!

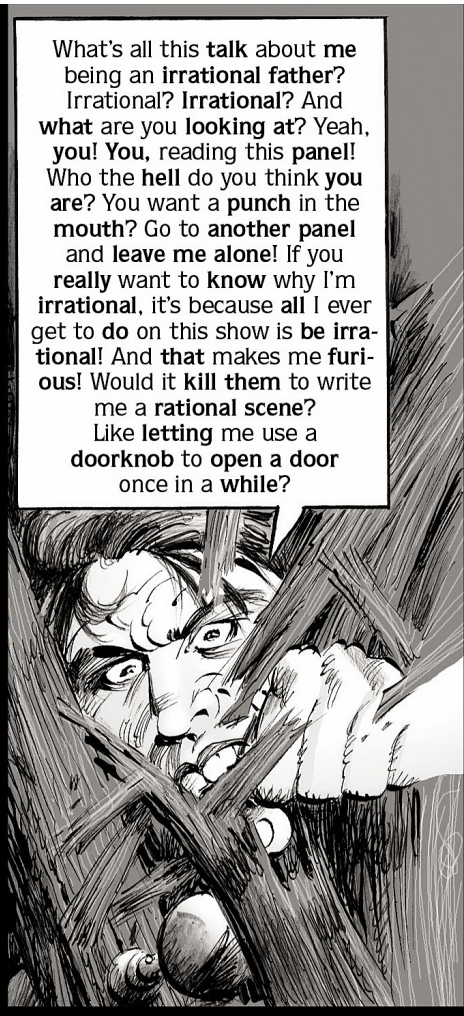






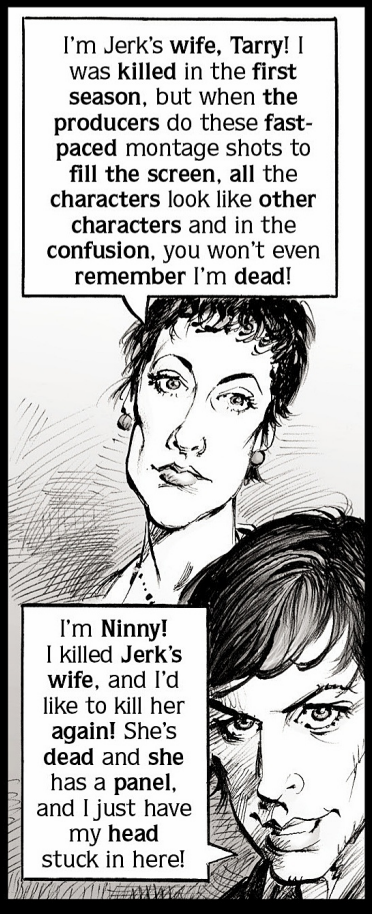






WRITER **DICK DEBARTOLO** ARTIST **BOB JULIAN** TONAL RENDERING **WILDSTORM**





BOOM-BOOMP! BOOM-BOOMP! BOOM-BOOMP!


The following takes place between pages 9 and 10 of this magazine!
I need these surveillance pictures developed as quickly as possible! Top CTU priority!
There's a roll going through now, Jerk, then yours will go right in! They'll be ready in exactly one hour!
Great! That fills this week's hour!
FILM LAB 101
BOOM 1:04:10 A.M. OOM-BOOMP! BOOM-BOOMP!
The following takes place one hour after the hour you saw in last week's episode!
I want to join your secret terrorist organization!
How do we know you're not an undercover agent out to bust up our secret terrorist group?
Listen! I have no morals and no conscience. I'm willing to do anything to anybody, no matter how despicable! "Screw everybody American" is my motto!
Oh, so you're a lawyer!
Welcome, fellow scumbag!
We got a hold of a nuclear bomb! It's set to go off by 10:30 tomorrow morning in Los Angeles!
Er, actually, not tomorrow morning! I sent it "second day" delivery! The FedEx clerk said it would be a lot cheaper!
You sent a nuclear bomb via FedEx?
Who else? I hate those ugly brown UPS trucks, and Airborne is totally unreliable for this caper!
How is Jerk transmitting these images back to us at CTU headquarters?
Via hidden cams! We stuck a mini TV camera up his left nostril for headshots! If you want to see some low angle shots, we can switch to the one we stuck up his...
No! These shots are fine!
BOOM-BOOMP! B 3:13:53 A.M. P! BOOM-BOOMP!
MeRun, I have to go run some errands, so you stay here where it's safe!
What if I need you? What if my dad finds me? You know he usually finds me once an episode!
Don't worry! I paid this lady a few bucks to watch you! Her name is Ninny! She's a very interesting person! She's a murderess and a traitor to the country!
Well, at least she makes my father look good by comparison!
YUPITZ
TAXI
TRAFFIC DELAYS
Hey, why are we in this story?
Let's face it, Bart! This show is basically a two-hour movie of the week stretched out to 24 episodes! You gotta fill it with something! So it might as well be something else FOX owns!
True, they never miss an opportunity to cross-market! With good reason, too! If it weren't for this show and ours, FOX wouldn't have any ratings at all!
BOOM-BOOM 8:00 EST BOOMP!

The following takes place after the writers drank straight Scotch from 4 p.m. to 9 p.m. and then started writing the dialogue!

Mr. President, I don't want to **speak** out of turn, but I **think** your **ex-wife Sherbet** is working behind your back to **overthrow** your **administration!**

Well **at least** she's **working!** I told her she should do **something** with her time, and not **bother me!**

David, I will admit I have done a **few** things behind your **back,** like appearing to help **terrorists** get a **nuclear bomb** into the country. But it's in **Los Angeles**, and we're in **Oregon**, hundreds of **miles** away! What's the **big deal?**

BOOM-BOOMP! 6:04:44 d-day. **BOOM-BOOMP!**

The following takes place between VIII p.m. and IX p.m.!

Are we **sure** that really is **Jerk** and not a **double?**

What makes you **doubt** it's really **Jerk?**

We've been watching him for more than **ten minutes** and he **hasn't punched someone out!** The **real** Jerk loses his temper **at least** once **every twenty minutes!**

My **God**, you're **right!** We could be in **serious trouble** if he doesn't **explode** soon!

Okay, total **bedlam!** And just in time! Nineteen minutes, **39 seconds!** It **is** our boy Jerk! I'm going to **die** now!

Yep, he's shooting up the place big time! Sometimes Jerk does more **damage** uncovering terrorist activity than the **terrorists** themselves are capable of doing!

BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM!

Lint, it's **Jerk Sour!** Let me talk to the **President!** It's **urgent!**

You'll have to **wait!**

I expect the President's terribly **busy**, but it's a matter of **life and death!**

He's not busy at **all**, but you know the procedure we must **follow!** Before and after every dire **announcement**, we need at least 45 seconds of **extreme** close-ups!

Wow, this IS an **extreme close-up!**

Okay, **45 seconds** are up! Here's the **President!**

BOOM-BOOM 12:25:02 P.M. **BOOM-BOOMP!**

Mr. President, you are the most accessible leader the country has ever known!

I know! Maybe I shouldn't have the "hot line" number listed in the phone directory!

Sir, there's a nuclear bomb set to go off in Los Angeles! I'm on my way there now, but I'm warning you ahead of time! I know there are critical Presidential procedures in place for nuclear emergencies!

Yes, there are! The first is to start making a list of excuses why I was never told that there was a nuclear bomb in Los Angeles! Thanks for not telling me!

Just one more thing, Jerk! We have all this high-tech security, yet somehow these lunatics got their hands on a nuclear device! Any idea how they got it?

Yeah, they picked it up on eBay!

BOOM-BOOM 12:07:41 P.M. BOOMP! BOOM-BOOMP!

MeRun, I have to go run some errands, but you'll be safe here on top of this nuclear submarine! Now, if it starts to leave the dock or submerge, knock on the lid and tell them to call me on my cell phone!

I'm beginning to think I'd be safer staying with my abusive dad!

I made it to L.A., Thorny!

Good, we're feeding your laptop live surveillance photos of Los Angeles from our SPY-CAM Blimp!

They're coming in clear! See if you can zero in on Nicole Kidman's bedroom window!

Can't do it! This is FOX, not HBO! But wait! Look at what I just zoomed in on!

Good going! Thank God people can't resist the urge to put stupid signs in their car windows!

CAUTION: NUCLEAR BOMB ON BOARD! IF YOU CAN READ THIS START PRAYING!

This is the truck with the nuclear device in it! But I can't open the door!

Come on, Jerk, you can outsmart any sophisticated lock in the world, no matter how complex!

Of course I can, but this is one of those sliding bolt locks — there's no way to electronically defeat it! I'm stumped!

The following takes place between two breaks of six solid minutes of commercials!

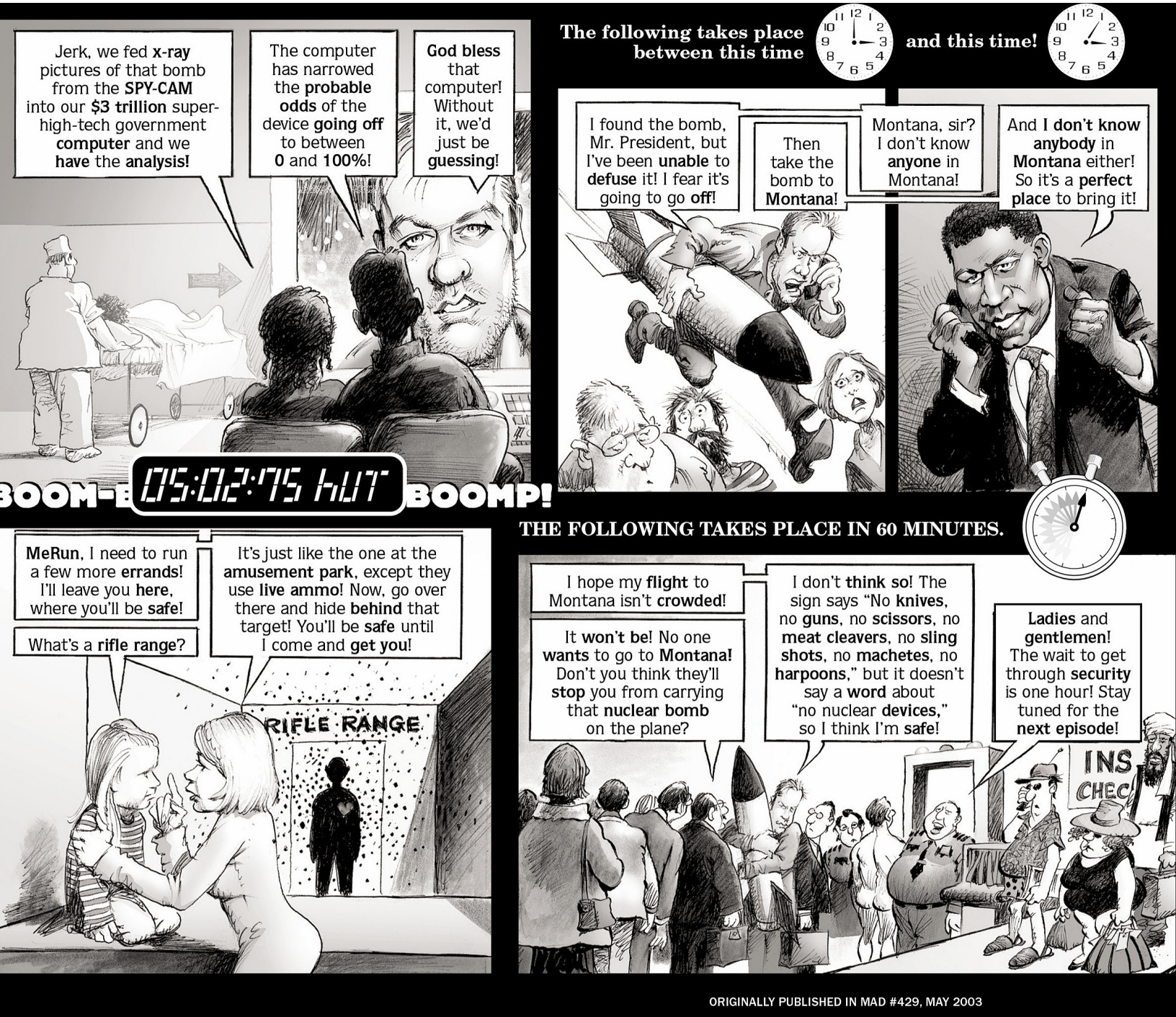
Jerk can't get to the bomb! We're doomed!

We're in Los Angeles, that means every one of us is going to die!

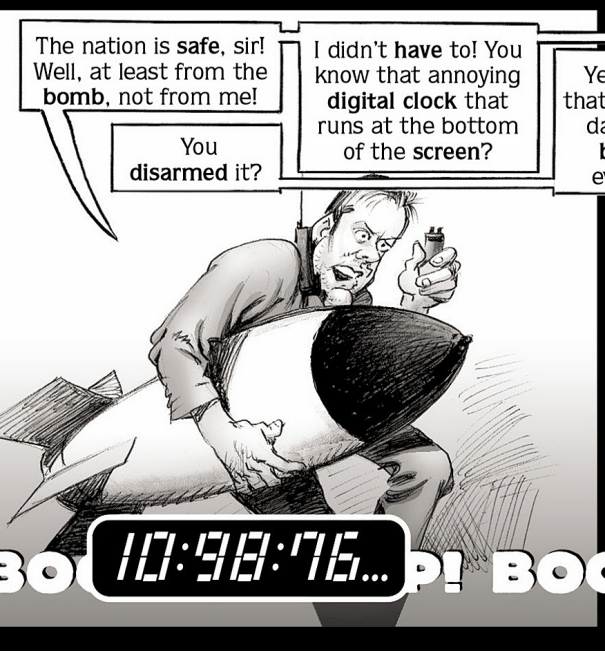
Don't always look on the dark side! Some of us will only be maimed for life!

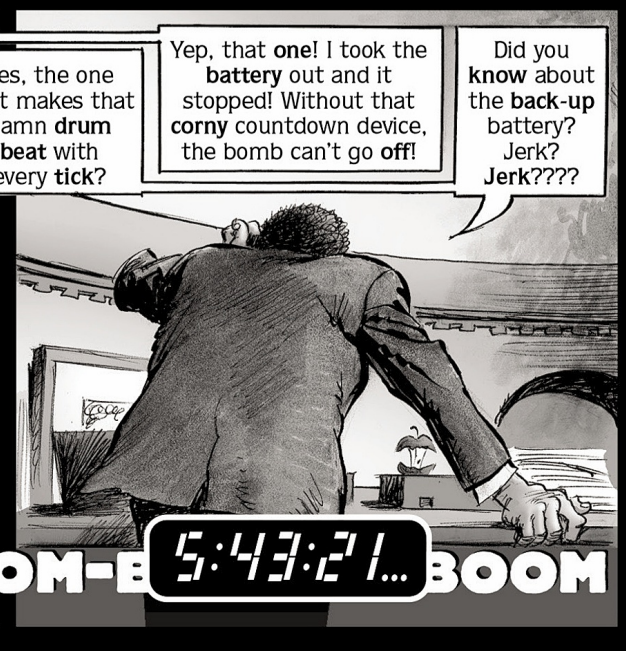
Success! I got the bomb! I ripped the truck doors off their hinges! The little slide bolt is still holding them together, but I got the bomb!

BOOM-BOOMP! 01:02:03 GO! P! BOOM

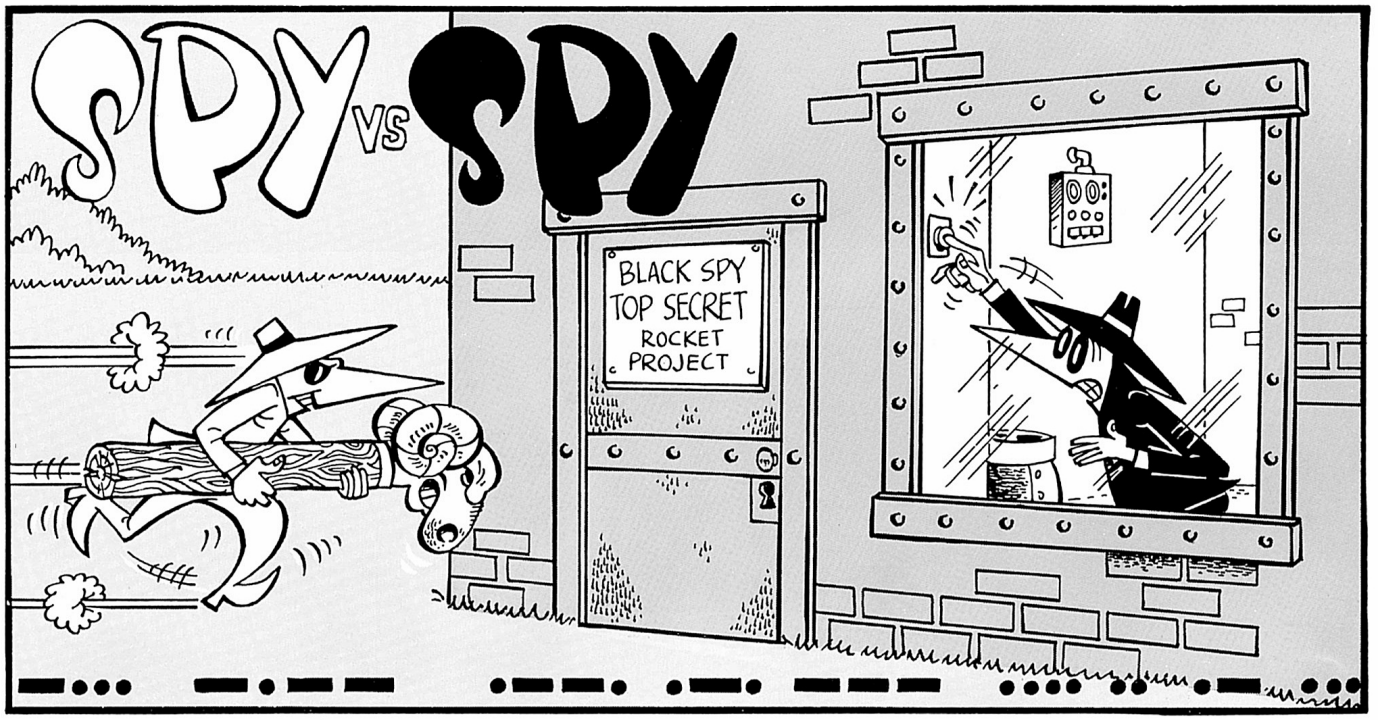


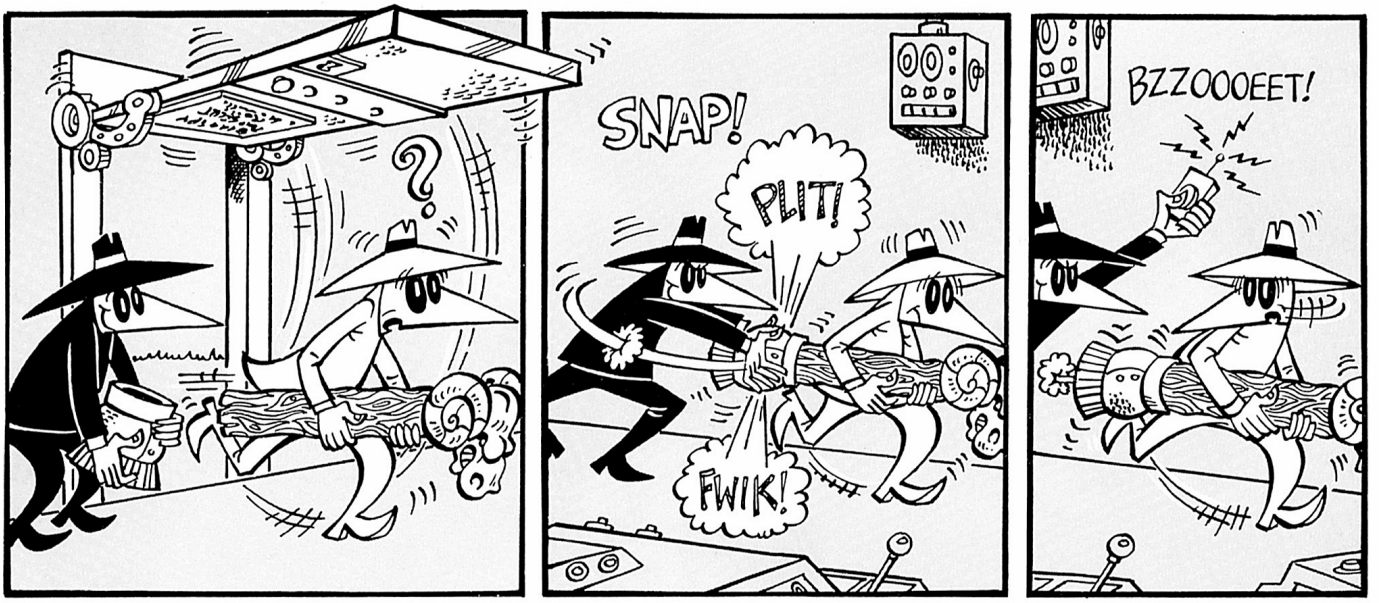
ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #429, MAY 2003

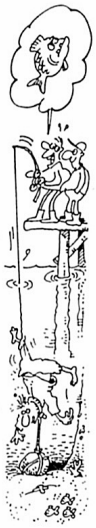


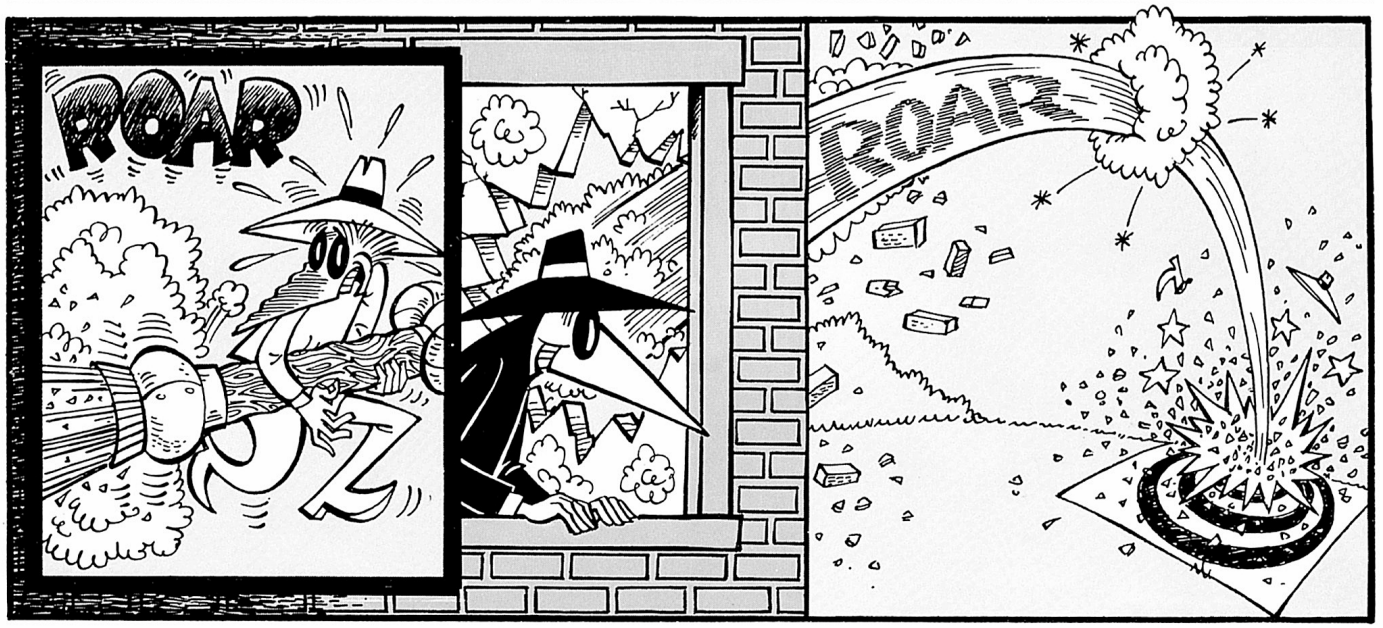












WRITER & ARTIST **DAVE MANEK**

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #319, JUN 1993

SPY VS SPY

WRITER & ARTIST **ANTONIO PROHIAS** COLORIST **CARRIE STRACHAN**



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD ##237, MAR 1983

Laser beams, tarantulas, explosions, witty death threats, handcuffs, secret passages, gadgets, violent henchmen and blueprints! But enough about Marv Albert's bedroom! This article is all about...

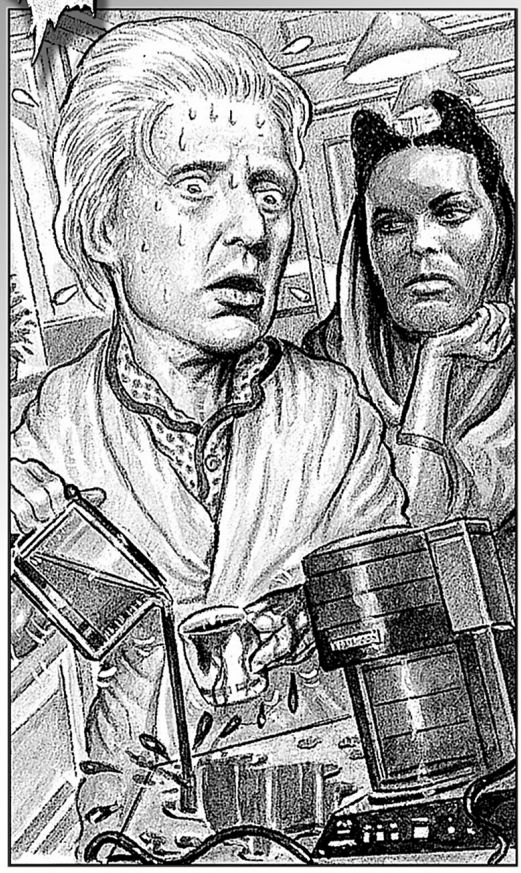
JAMES BOND VILLAINS' PET PEEVES

WRITER **DESMOND DEVLIN**
ARTIST **DREW FRIEDMAN**

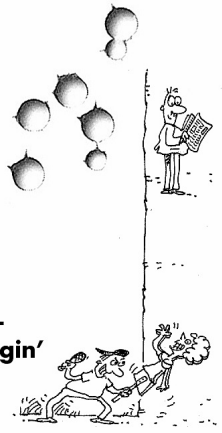




You're forced to contribute to the company pension plan, even though the average life expectancy of a member of organization is 26.3 years.

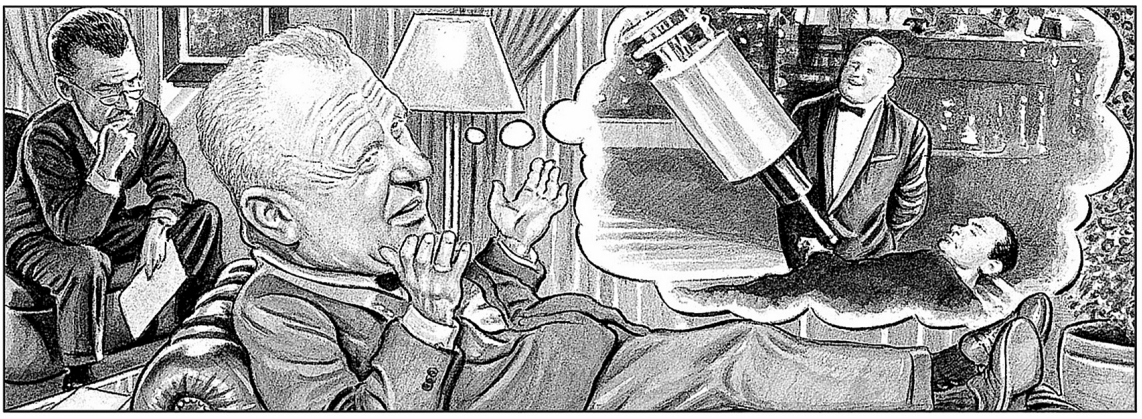


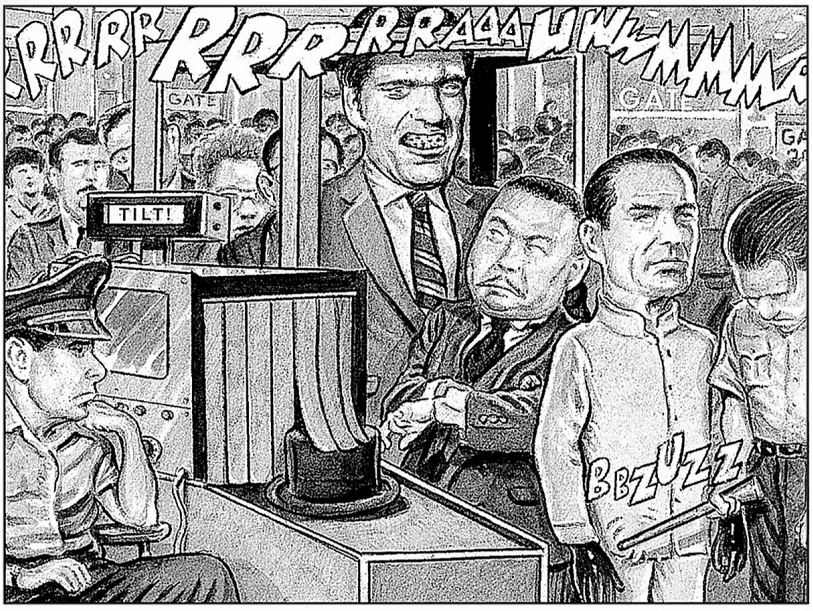




With all of Bond's hidden devices and micro-gadgets, you're too paranoid to work the friggin' coffee machine in the morning!

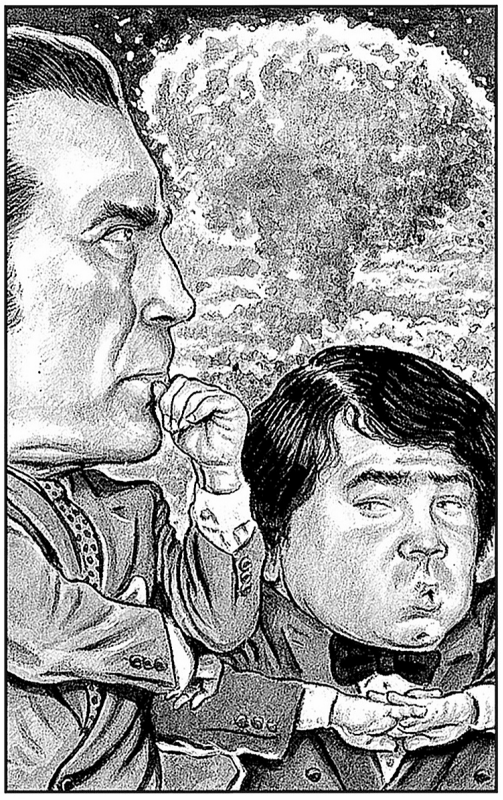
Your psychiatrist has told you and told you that so you can tell him your secret plans is "a spiraling self-destructive pattern," but you just can't help it!



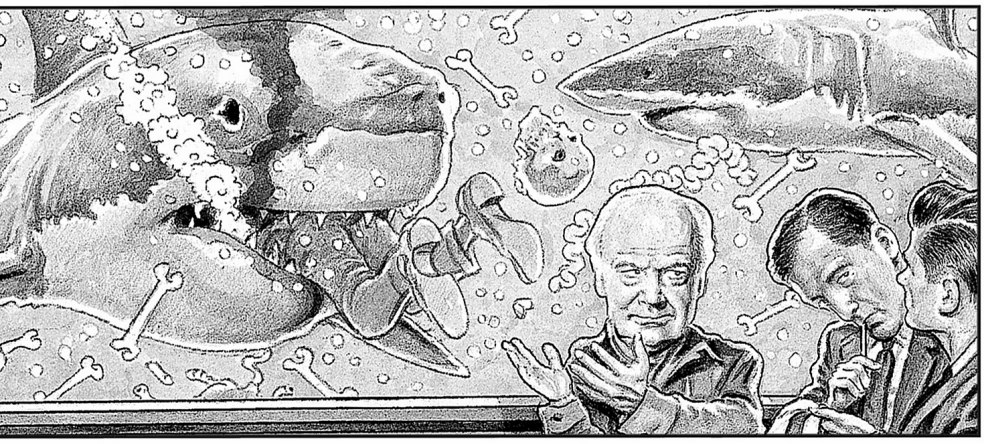


Between the guy with the metal teeth, the guy with the metal hands and the guy with the metal hat, it takes absolutely forever for you and your henchmen to get past airport security!

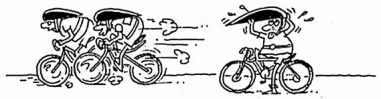
ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #365, JAN 1998



Should have spent the extra $50,000 for the off-shore hideaway WITHOUT the "destroy entire island" button.

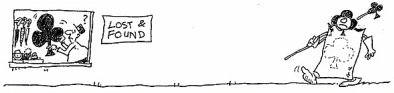


Before they'll allow the deduction, the I.R.S. demands proof that you use your 1,800 foot shark tank exclusively for business.



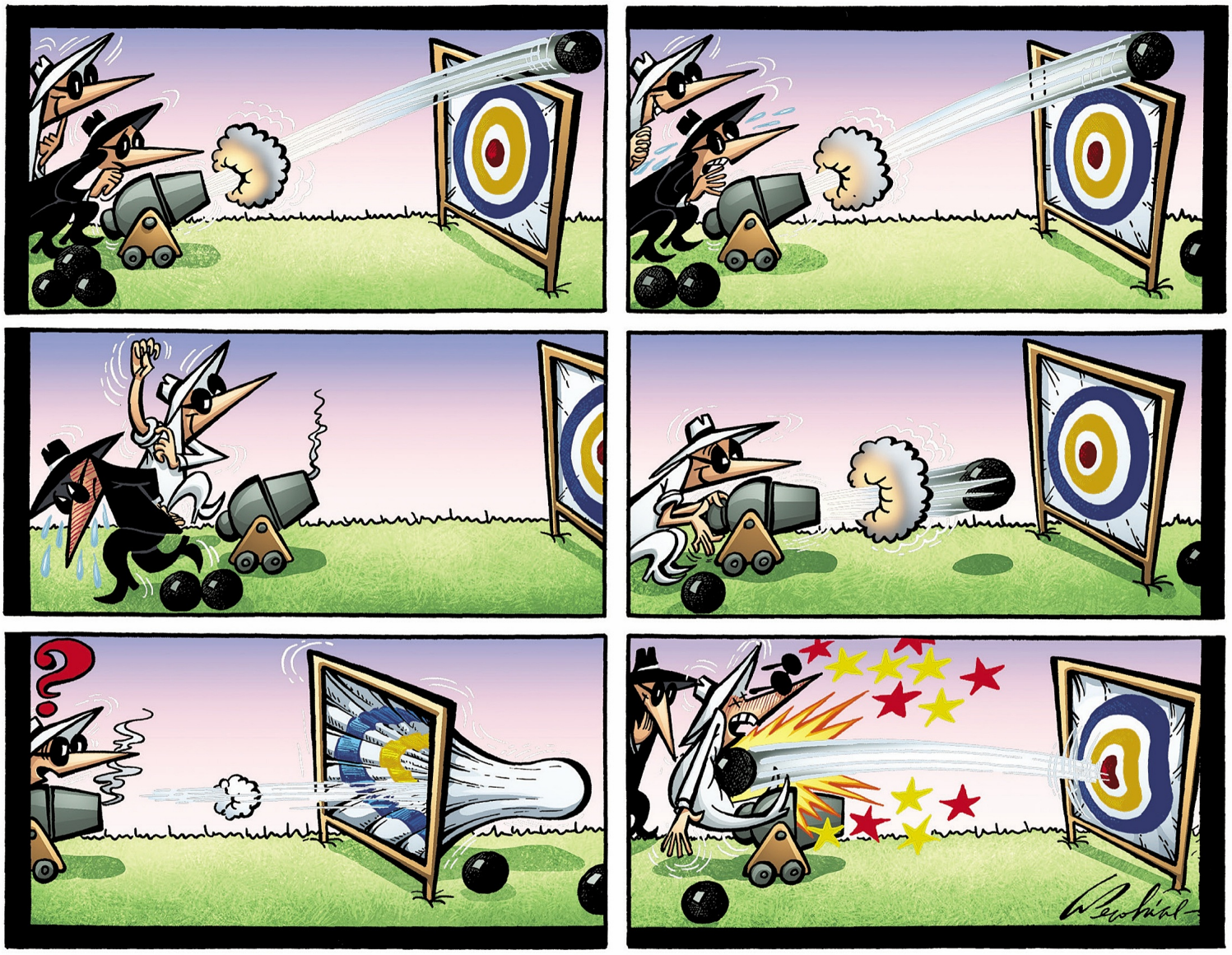
Every time you and your criminal organization finally learn to recognize 007 on sight, they send a new James Bond with a totally different face!





SPY vs SPY

WRITER & ARTIST **ANTONIO PROHIAS** COLORIST **CARRIE STRACHAN**



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #88, JUL 1964

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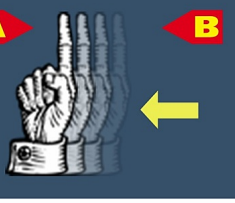
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WHEN IS A SPY NOT A SPY?

HERE WE GO WITH AN ALL-NEW MAD FOLD-IN

Eventually, even the most die-hard secret agents have to consider how they will spend their golden years, but it begs the question: can a spy really stop being a spy? To see the answer to this paradox, fold page in as shown.

SWIPE FROM B TO A TO FOLD



A B



WHEN YOU'RE A SPY THAT'S PAST YOUR PRIME, PEOPLE THINK YOU AGONIZE OVER YOUR LOT IN LIFE. ALTHOUGH THEY ARE FREE TO THEIR OPINION, THEY DON'T REALIZE HOW NICE IT IS THAT, IN TERMS OF PEACE OF MIND, YOU DON'T WORRY ABOUT A LIT BOMB FUSE WAITING FOR YOU AROUND EVERY CORNER.

A

WRITER & ARTIST **JOHNNY SAMPSON**

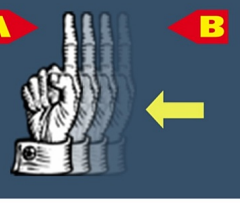
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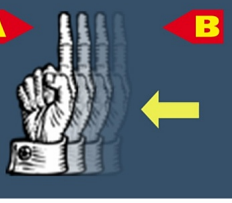
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WRITER & ARTIST JOHNNY SAMPSON

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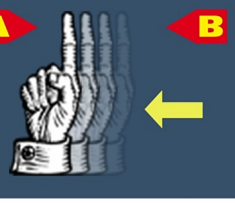
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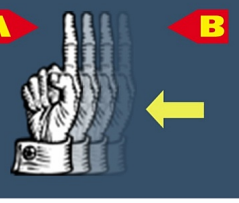
WHEN IS A SPY NOT A SPY?

HERE WE GO WITH AN ALL-NEW

MAD FOLD-IN

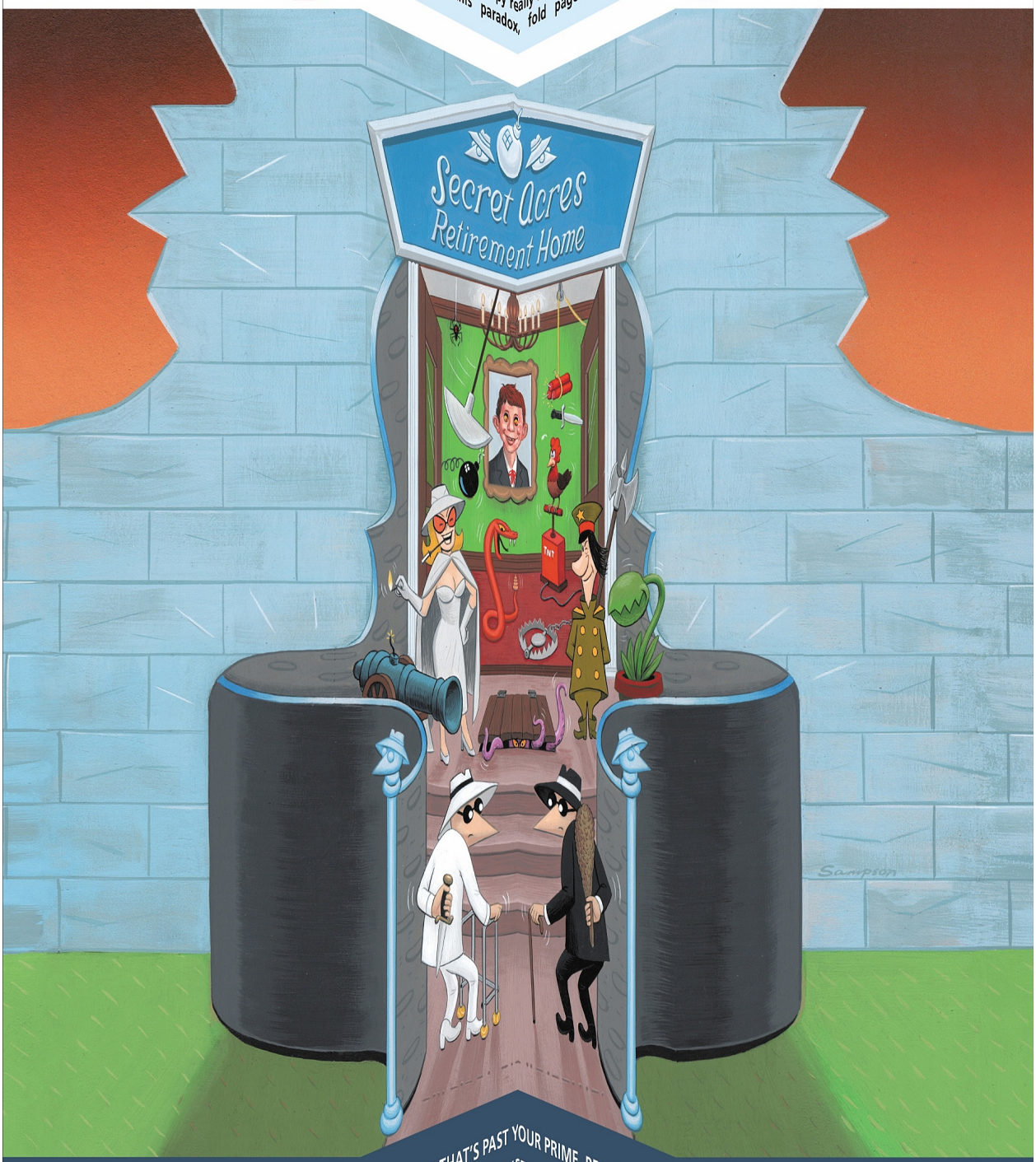
Eventually, even the most die-hard secret agents have to consider how they will spend their golden years, but it begs the question: can a spy really stop being a spy? To see the answer to this paradox, fold page in as shown.

SWIPE FROM B TO A TO FOLD



A

B



WHEN YOU'RE A SPY THAT'S PAST YOUR PRIME, PEOPLE THINK YOU AGONIZE OVER YOUR LOT IN LIFE. ALTHOUGH THEY ARE FREE TO THEIR OPINION, THEY DON'T REALIZE HOW NICE IT IS THAT, IN TERMS OF PEACE OF MIND, YOU DON'T WORRY ABOUT A LIT BOMB FUSE WAITING FOR YOU AROUND EVERY CORNER.

WRITER & ARTIST JOHNNY SAMPSON

A

B

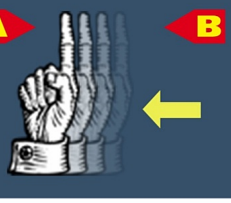
WHEN IS A SPY NOT A SPY?

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A B

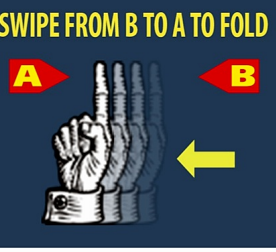


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WRITER & ARTIST: JIMMY SAMPSON

A B

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A B



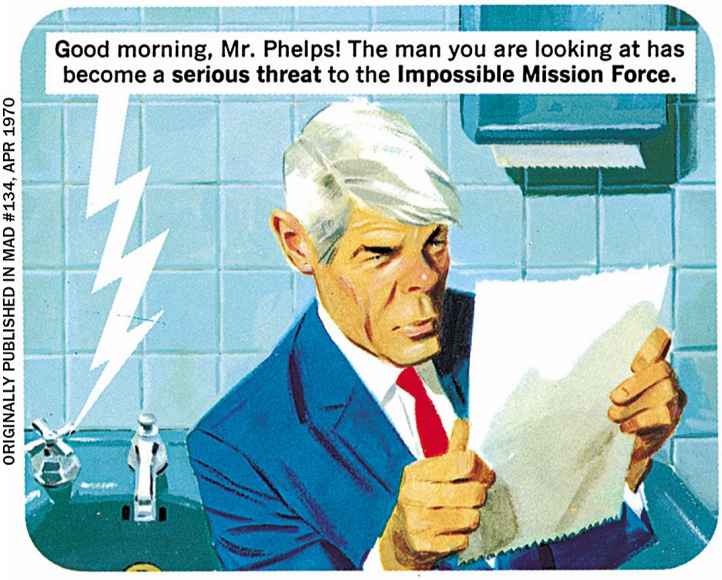
WHEN YOU AGREE TO THEIR TERMS OF USE

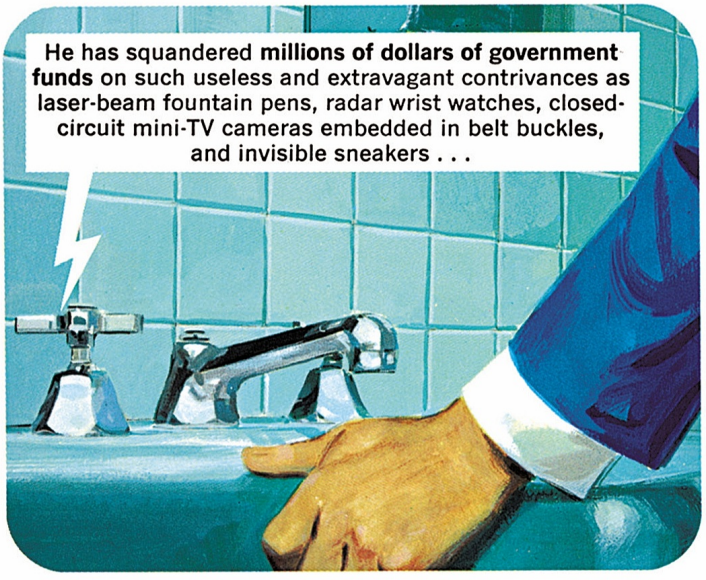
A B

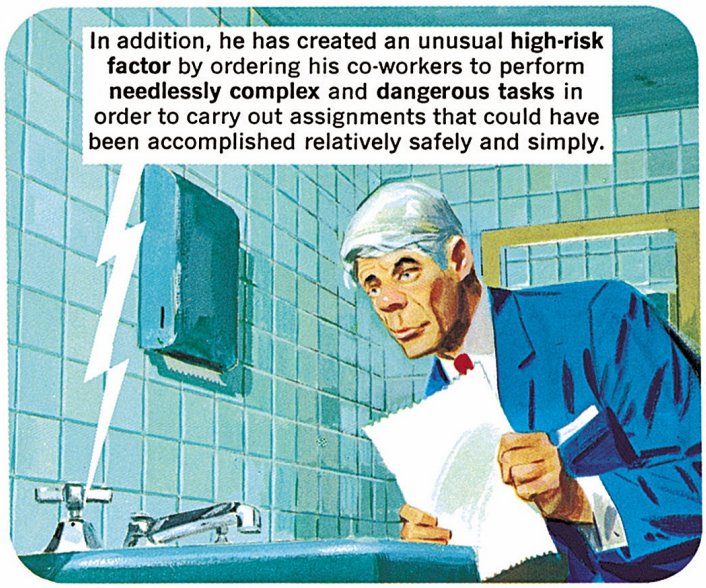
A TV SCENE WE'D LIKE TO SEE













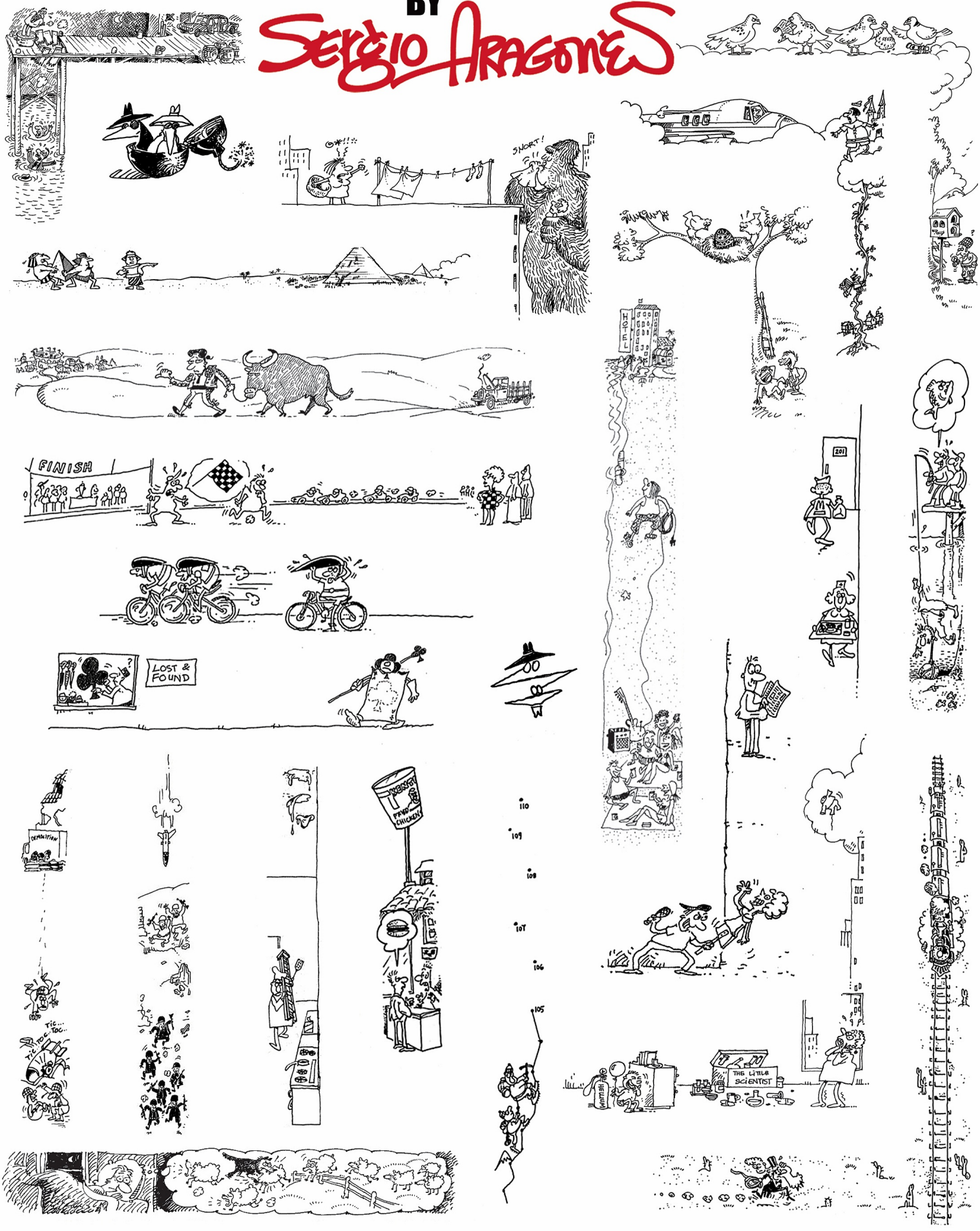
WRITER **CHEVY CHASE** ARTIST **JOHN CULLEN MURPHY**

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #134, APR 1970

DRAWN OUT DRAMAS

BY

Sergio Aragonés



MAD

ESPIONAGE

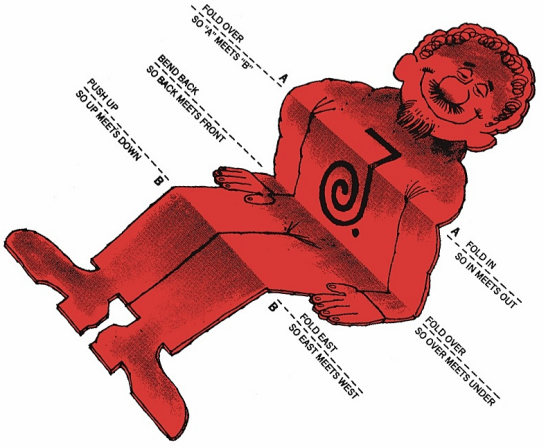
DIGITAL EDITION

BONUS MATERIAL!

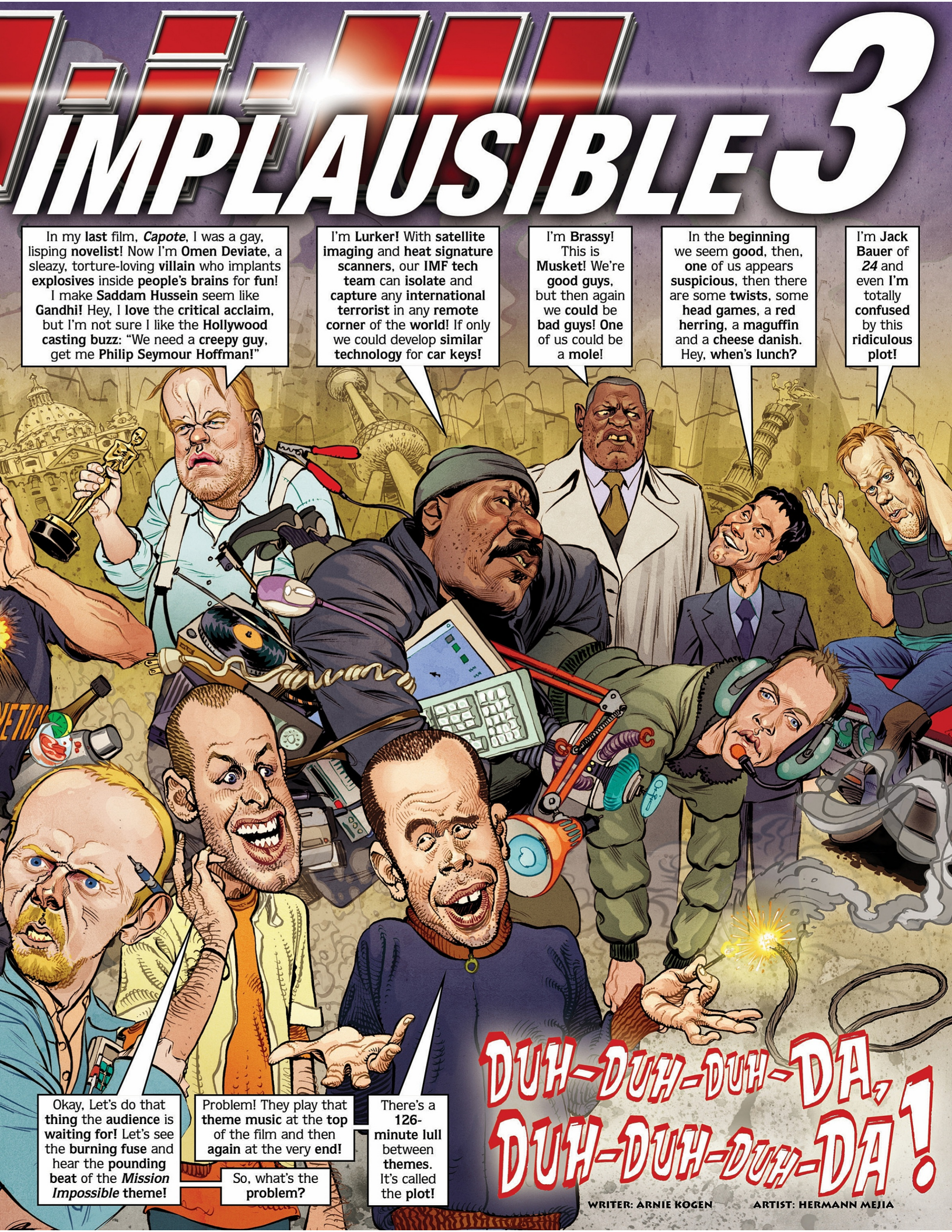
Your mission, should you choose to accept it, is to try and read one more MAD movie parody, 2006's "Mission: Implausible 3," without self-destructing!



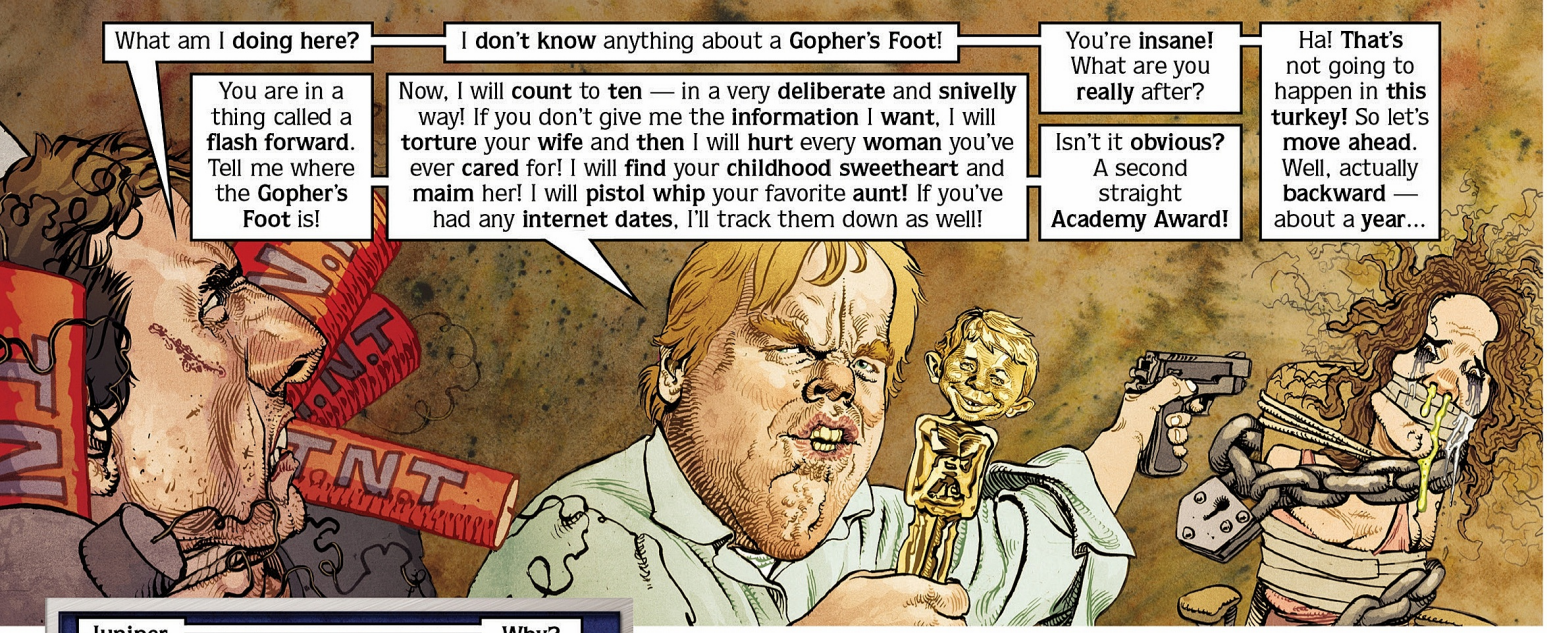
Destroy your digital device trying to crease in a classic Al Jaffee Fold-In from 1985. Hope the warrenty is still good!

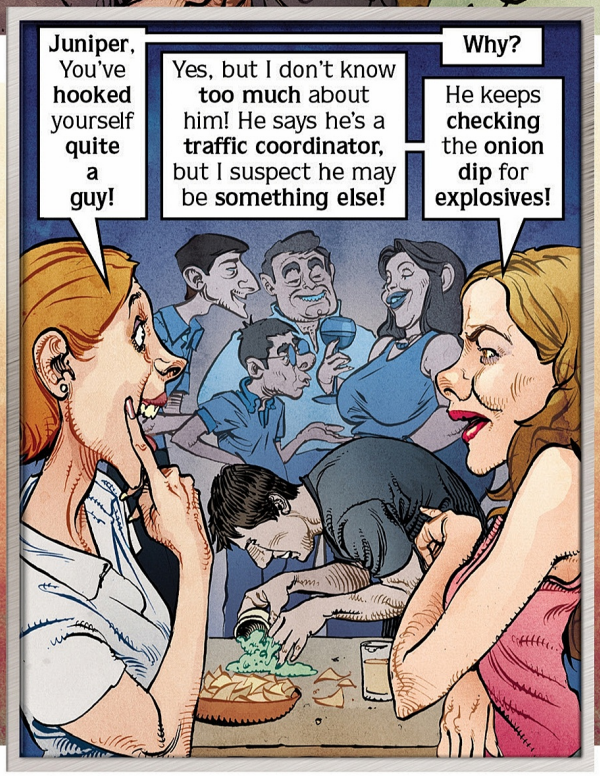



YOU CRUISE, YOU LOSE DEPT.
Good morning, Mr. Cruise. The organization you are looking at is Paramount Pictures. Once a powerhouse in the film industry, in the past few years it's fallen on hard times, producing such box-office fiascos as The Honeymooners and Yours, Mine and Ours. It is in desperate need of a summer blockbuster. Your mission, should you choose to accept it, is to change your image from a googly-eyed, ranting nutcase who leaps on couches and puts down psychiatry and go back to being a huge superstar who can propel a formulaic action film into box office gold! This tape will self-destruct in five seconds. If you choose not to accept the assignment, we will arrange for you to go back on the talk show circuit, where you will talk and be yourself, and your career will self-destruct in five months!
Paramount
MISSION:
The good news is Tom, my Tom, the father of my child and my future husband, is BACK! He still has the killer smile, the athletic moves and he does his own stunts!
Yeah, but the bad news is he still has the same acting skills he had in Cocktail!
I'm Ether Hunk, a secret agent who's posing as a traffic analyst! It's tough to separate my jobs! Yesterday, I beat up a 53-year-old woman who I thought was a rogue school crossing guard!
I'm engaged to Ether! But I don't really know the guy! I do know he likes activity! He scales walls like Spider-Man! He leaps from tall buildings like Superman! Unfortunately, he makes love like the Flash!
I'm Zen! The IMF team has white guys and black secret agents! They needed a hot Asian chick! I don't do much in this film but wear a slinky, backless dress! That's probably enough! I'm sure you'll agree it's better than another bridge explosion!
In this film we go from Virginia to Berlin to the Vatican to Shanghai!
I understand they fired the first draft writer — who pitched that they go from Akron to Toledo to Poughkeepsie to Boise!

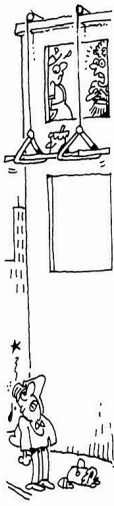


WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN ARTIST: HERMANN MEJIA

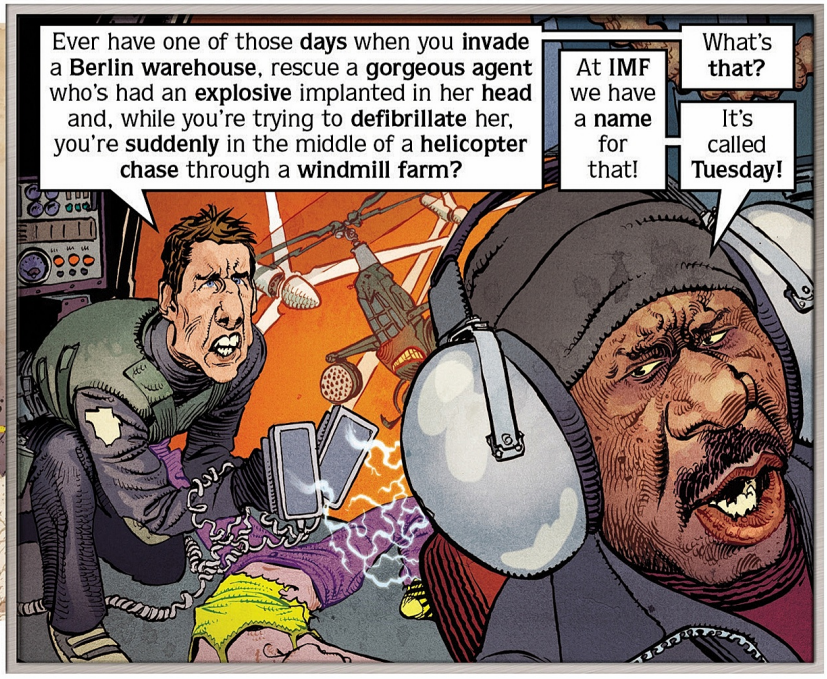

What am I doing here?
You are in a thing called a flash forward. Tell me where the Gopher's Foot is!
I don't know anything about a Gopher's Foot!
Now, I will count to ten — in a very deliberate and snivelly way! If you don't give me the information I want, I will torture your wife and then I will hurt every woman you've ever cared for! I will find your childhood sweetheart and maim her! I will pistol whip your favorite aunt! If you've had any internet dates, I'll track them down as well!
You're insane! What are you really after?
Isn't it obvious? A second straight Academy Award!
Ha! That's not going to happen in this turkey! So let's move ahead. Well, actually backward — about a year...
T.N.T.
T.N.T.


Juniper, You've hooked yourself quite a guy!
Yes, but I don't know too much about him! He says he's a traffic coordinator, but I suspect he may be something else!
Why?
He keeps checking the onion dip for explosives!

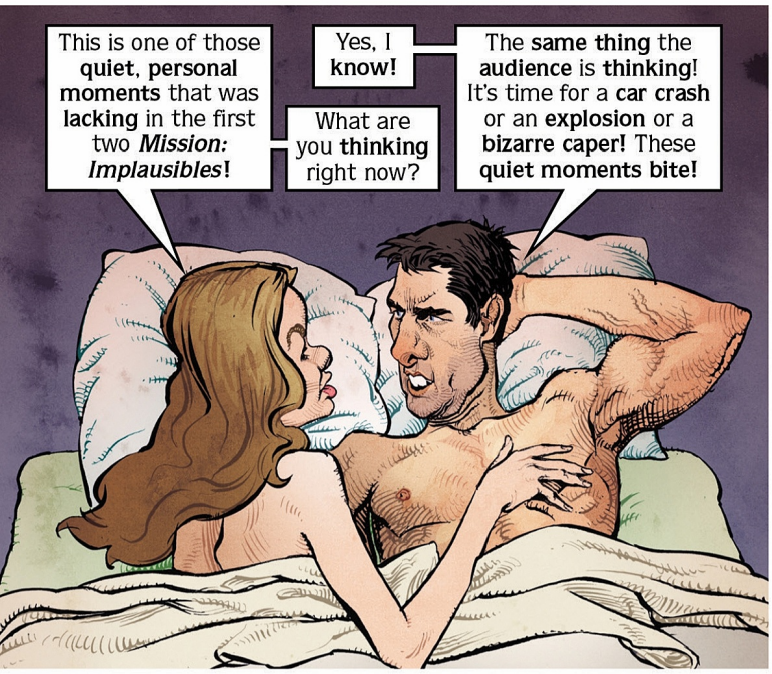

Agent Linseed Flesh has mysteriously disappeared in Berlin! We need someone to rescue her!
I'm out! I'm retired! I don't do that anymore!
She's been captured by a deranged slimeball named Deviate! Who's probably torturing her!
You'll get a chance to explode things, dangle from buildings and put on goofy face masks!
Sorry! Can't help you!
When does my plane leave?
TNT




That fiend tortured me and injected a detonator inside my brain! Do you think I'll make it?
Agent Flesh, my job is to save your life! That's all I'm thinking about! Uh, incidentally, in this pose do you think I look pumped enough?


Ever have one of those days when you invade a Berlin warehouse, rescue a gorgeous agent who's had an explosive implanted in her head and, while you're trying to defibrillate her, you're suddenly in the middle of a helicopter chase through a windmill farm?
At IMF we have a name for that!
What's that?
It's called Tuesday!

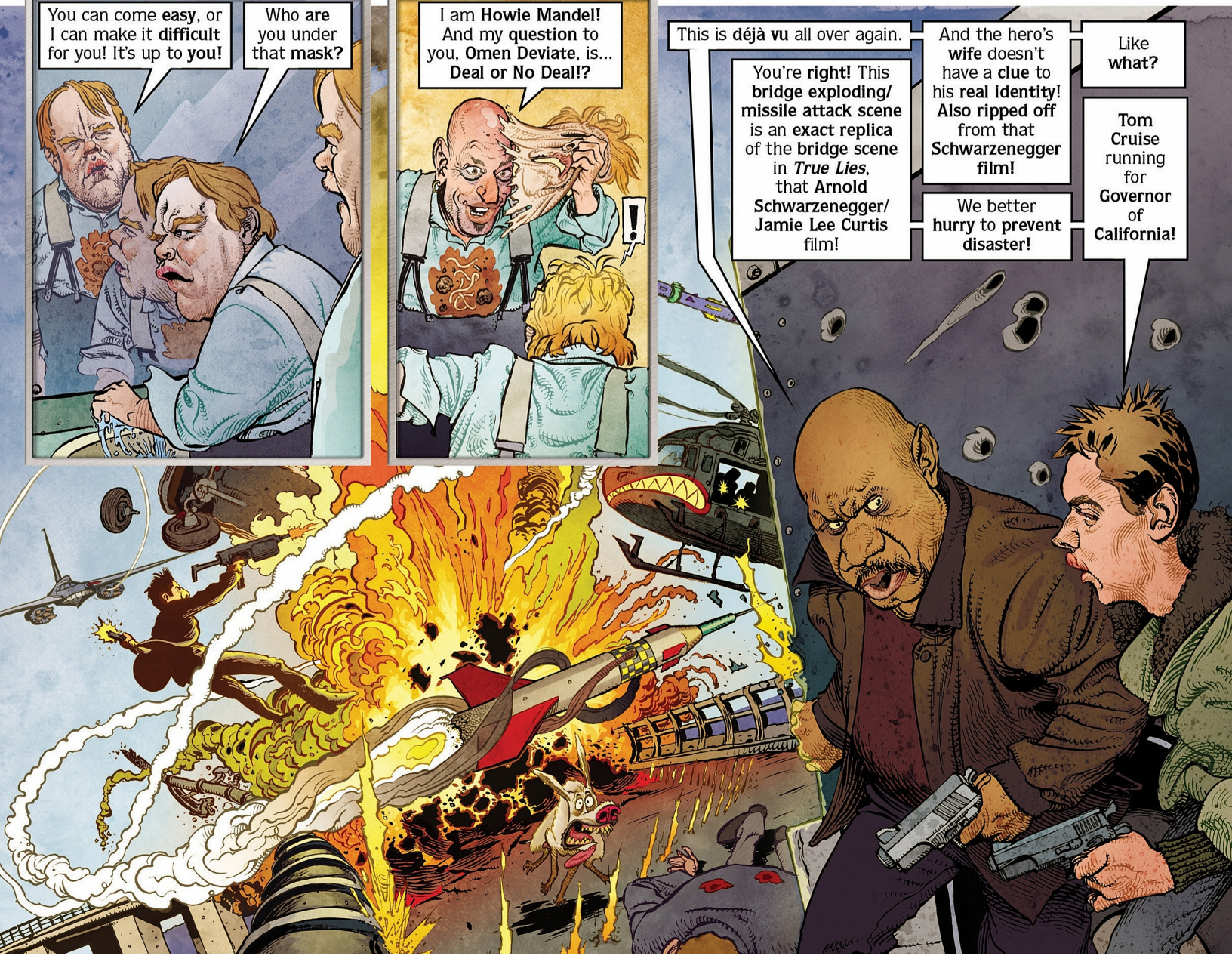


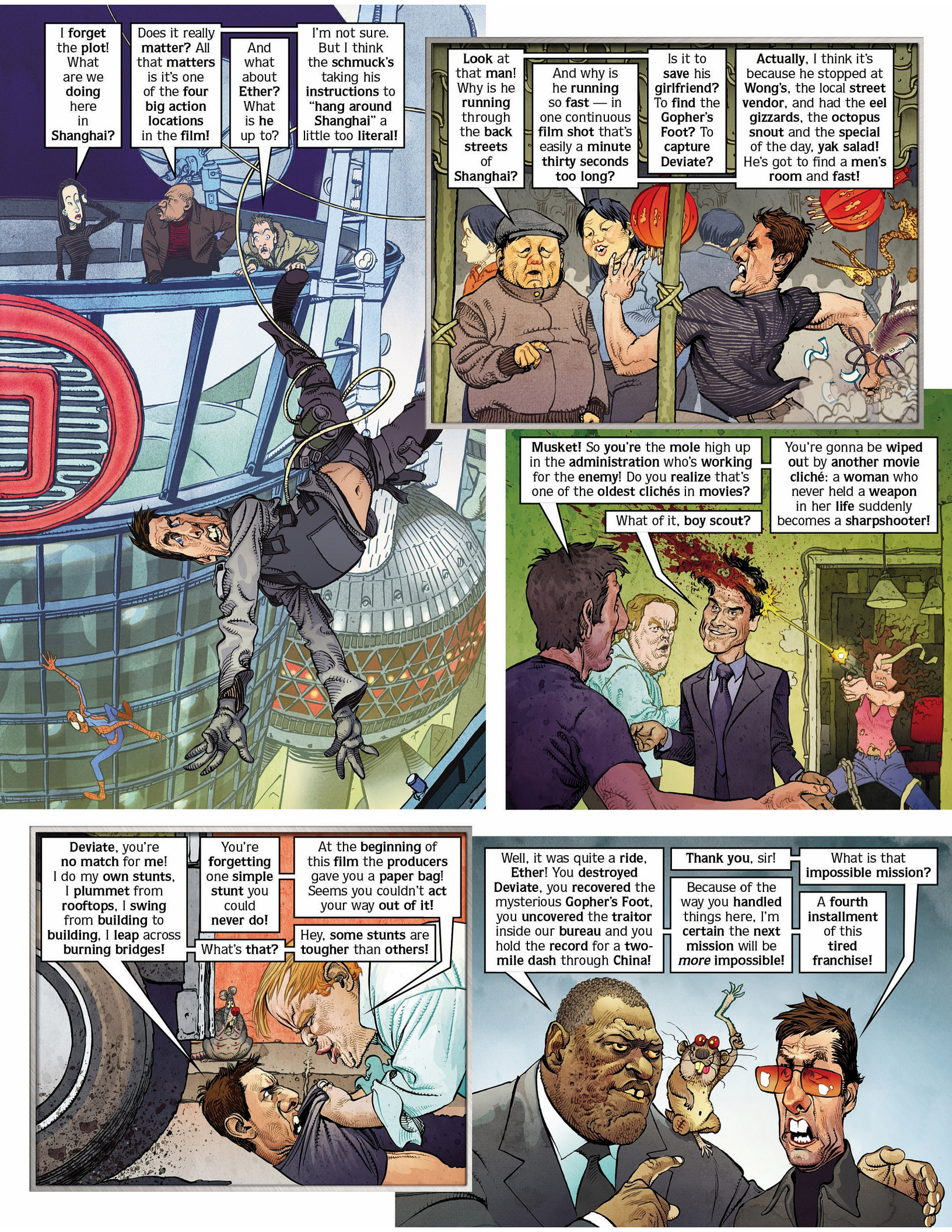

This is one of those **quiet, personal moments** that was **lacking** in the first two ***Mission: Implausibles*!**
Yes, I **know!**
What are you **thinking** right now?
The **same thing** the **audience** is **thinking**! It's time for a **car crash** or an **explosion** or a **bizarre caper!** These **quiet moments bite!**


From a **snapshot** of **Deviate** we were able to **duplicate** his **face** and his **voice imprint**. You will have **exactly** the **same face** and **same voice!**
What about **emotion, range** and **inflection?**
That's called **acting!** You're on your **own**! We're **secret agents**, not **miracle workers!**

You can come **easy**, or I can make it **difficult** for you! It's up to **you!**
Who **are** you under that **mask?**

I am **Howie Mandel!** And my **question** to you, **Omen Deviate**, is... **Deal or No Deal!?**
!


This is **déjà vu** all over again.
You're **right!** This **bridge exploding/ missile attack scene** is an **exact replica** of the **bridge scene** in ***True Lies***, that **Arnold Schwarzenegger/ Jamie Lee Curtis** film!
And the hero's **wife** doesn't have a **clue** to his **real identity**! **Also ripped off** from that **Schwarzenegger film!**
We better **hurry** to **prevent disaster!**
Like **what?**
Tom Cruise running for **Governor** of **California!**


I forget the plot! What are we doing here in Shanghai?
Does it really matter? All that matters is it's one of the four big action locations in the film!
And what about Ether? What is he up to?
I'm not sure. But I think the schmuck's taking his instructions to "hang around Shanghai" a little too literal!
Look at that man! Why is he running through the back streets of Shanghai?
And why is he running so fast — in one continuous film shot that's easily a minute thirty seconds too long?
Is it to save his girlfriend? To find the Gopher's Foot? To capture Deviate?
Actually, I think it's because he stopped at Wong's, the local street vendor, and had the eel gizzards, the octopus snout and the special of the day, yak salad! He's got to find a men's room and fast!
Musket! So you're the mole high up in the administration who's working for the enemy! Do you realize that's one of the oldest clichés in movies?
What of it, boy scout?
You're gonna be wiped out by another movie cliché: a woman who never held a weapon in her life suddenly becomes a sharpshooter!
Deviate, you're no match for me! I do my own stunts, I plummet from rooftops, I swing from building to building, I leap across burning bridges!
You're forgetting one simple stunt you could never do!
What's that?
At the beginning of this film the producers gave you a paper bag! Seems you couldn't act your way out of it!
Hey, some stunts are tougher than others!
Well, it was quite a ride, Ether! You destroyed Deviate, you recovered the mysterious Gopher's Foot, you uncovered the traitor inside our bureau and you hold the record for a two-mile dash through China!
Thank you, sir!
Because of the way you handled things here, I'm certain the next mission will be more impossible!
What is that impossible mission?
A fourth installment of this tired franchise!

WHAT BIOLOGICAL FORCE THREATENS TO DESTROY AN INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTION?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

For Solution, Fold Page In As Shown.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A► FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◄B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



ARTIST AND WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

BIOLOGICAL FORCES ARE ABLE TO ADVERSELY AFFECT US ALL. THIS IS UNBALANCING AND CAN PRODUCE A GREAT DEAL OF DAMAGE.

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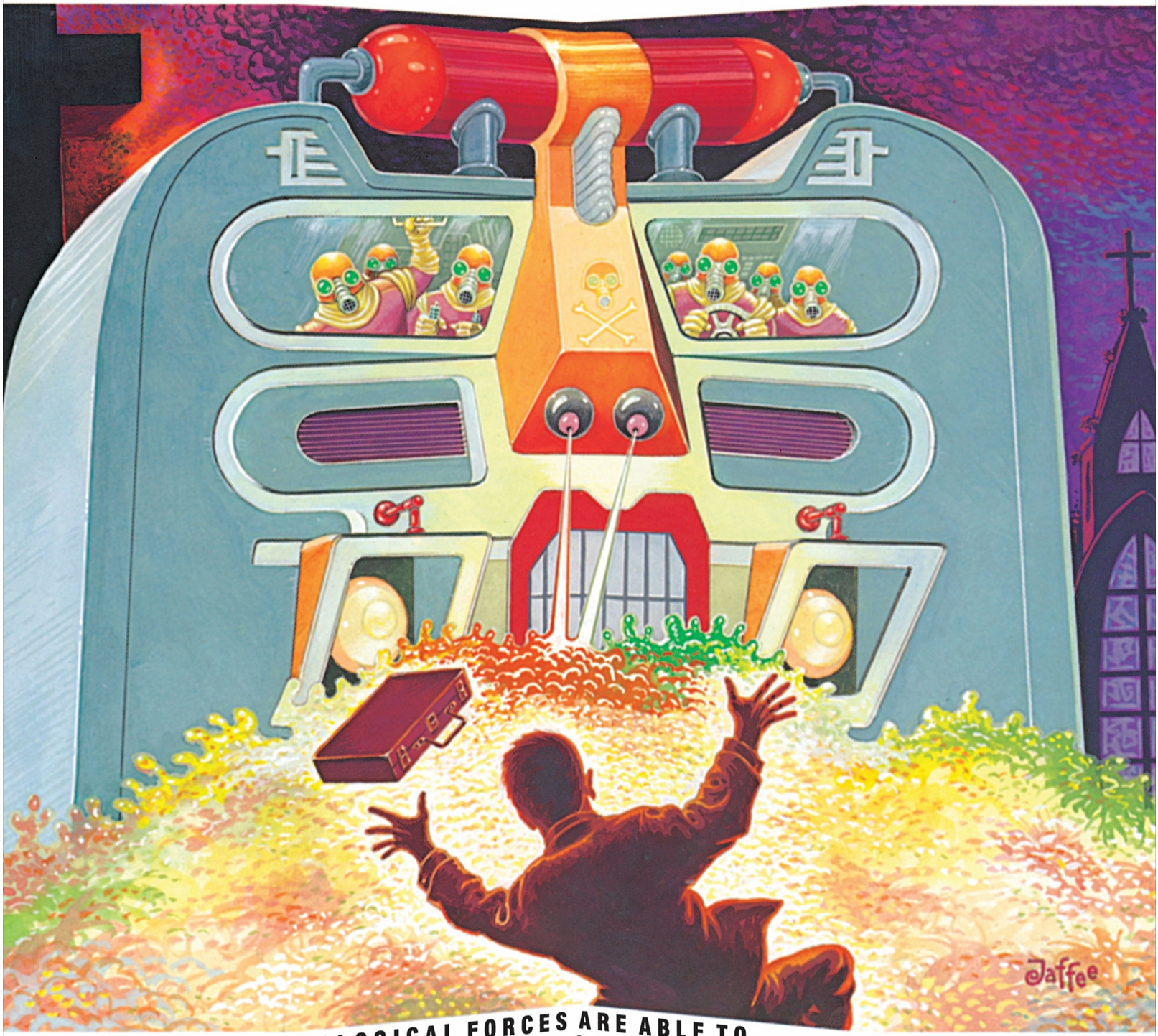


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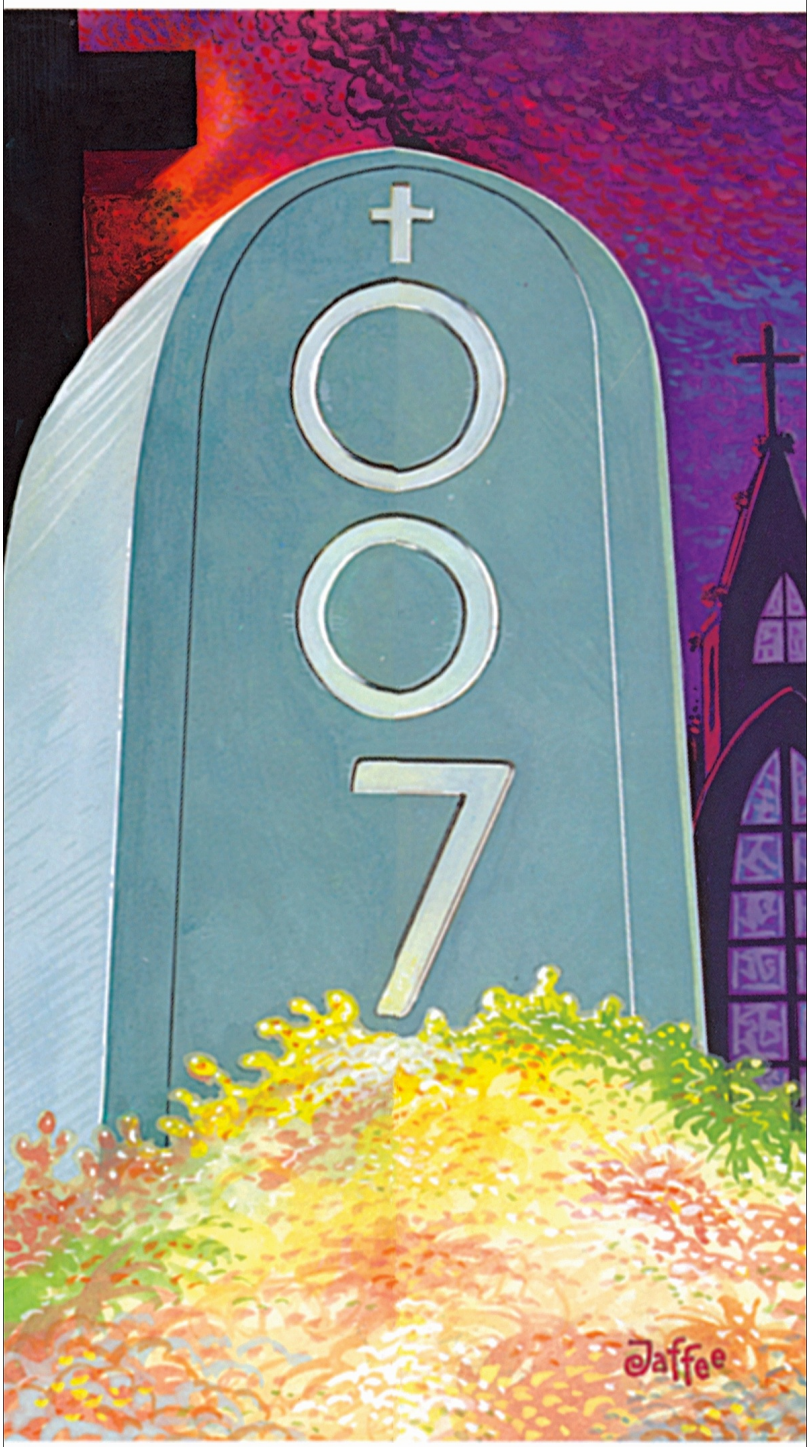
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AL JAFFEE

ADVANCING AGE.

A ⋈ B

MAD



SON OF ULTRON

